THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

VOL. V. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1872. NO. 34.

The Voice of God.

"I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid."
Amidst the thrilling leaves Thy voice
At evening's fall drew near;
Father! and did not man rejoice
That blessed sound to hear?

Did not his heart within him burn,
Touch'd by the solemn tone?
Not so! for, never to return,
Its purity was gone.

Therefore, midst holy stream and bower,
His spirit shook with dread,
And call'd the cedars in that hour,
To veil his conscious head.

Oh! in each wind, each fountain flows,
Each whisper in the shade,
Grant me, my God! thy voice to know,
And not to be afraid!

Poem by Milton.

[The following sublime and affecting production was discovered among the remains of the great epic poet:

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme! to Thee.

Oh, merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by me, and my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

O! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angels' lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is something now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes!
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

THE CONQUERED ENEMY.

Fiddle was a pretty little mulatto girl, who lived with her grandmother in an obscure court. Fiddle had no name but Baby until she was two years old, but after that time her father called her Fiddle, because she was always humming or making some sort of a noise.

Fiddle's father was a sailor, and went on a voyage from which he never returned. His wife died soon afterward, and thus little Fiddle was an orphan, left in charge of her good old grandmother, whom the child always called "Mammy."

One Sunday morning, Fiddle sat in her place in Sunday school, when her teacher said quite suddenly, "Love your enemies!" She then told the children the meaning of the word enemy.

Fiddle replied, "Then Pomp Jones is my enemy, and I can't do nuffin 'bout lovin' him, 'cause I hate him."

Her teacher repeated the words "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

Fiddle listened attentively, but soon forgot her teacher's words. In the evening, however, when the old fashioned lamp was lighted, and Mammy placed her huge spectacles on her nose to spell out a chapter of the Bible, Fiddle remembered her teacher's morning lesson.

"Mammy," said Fiddle, "do yer allus bless people that cuss yer?"

"No, chile," said her Mammy sadly, "not alluz; sometimes I forgit and sass back again, 'cause my memory is fallin' like, but a young'un like you, Fiddle kin remember."

"My memory is fallin' like, too," said Fiddle, "so when Pomp cusses me I cuss back, and I hit him when I kin. Why, I couldn't never git along with Pomp with no such doin's as blessin'."

Mammy looked at her reprovingly over her spectacles for a moment, then muttered to herself, "I had just such a temper when I was young," and began to read her chapter.

Fiddle began teasing the cat, and forgot all about Pomp until she was in bed. Then she thought again of what her teacher had said, and murmured drowsily, "I'll try a speriment on Pomp termorrer."

The next morning Fiddle stood in the court in the bright October sunshine, gravely watching Pomp, who was balancing himself on his head. The boy righted himself, and, catching sight of Fiddle, a gleam of mischief shot across his black face as he exclaimed, "The fiddle is here, the fiddle is here," beginning at the same time to dance a breakdown.

Fiddle, who listed to be teased about her name, looked at Pomp without replying, which so astonished him that he forgot to repeat his joke.

Fiddle was quite pleased with the result of her experiment, and ran up stairs before Pomp had recovered from his astonishment.

Fiddle took hold of the cat very gently, when she reached Mammy's room, but the cat was not in a good temper, and erected her back, and began to spit at Fiddle, who said very calmly, "Bless you cat, bless you!"

"What on arth are you doin', Fiddle?" asked Mammy.

"Mammy's old fat sides shook with laughter when Fiddle answered: "The cat's cussin' me, Mammy, and I am blessin' her."

"Why, chile," said Mammy, "cats can't cuss."

Fiddle replied very earnestly, "Yes, Mammy, they kin; they don't cuss like Pomp, but they can do cat cussin', I know, 'cause I've heard 'em."

Fiddle sometimes forgot her teacher's precepts. One day she was playing in the court, and slipping on an orange peeling that some one had carelessly thrown down, fell striking the back of her head. Pomp, who saw the accident, was delighted, and snickered and giggled, and at last roared with laughter. While Fiddle was slowly getting off the ground, Pomp observed, "The fiddle has done gone got broke, and now we can't dance no more."

This was too much for Fiddle's temper. She flew at Pomp, but she was only eight and he was twelve, so he had the advantage.

Overcome with rage Fiddle went to her old grandmother, who took the child in her capacious arms, until Fiddle became quiet.

"Oh, Mammy, Mammy," said Fiddle, "I wish Pomp was dead!"

"Now, chile," replied Mammy, "that's wicked; Pomp to be sure ain't much good; all he knows is standin' on his head, or some suckus trick or 'nuther, but the good Lord made him, and it's my 'pinion He knew what he was about. To be sure he made the flies, and they're wuss than Pomp, but its right ter wish the flies dead 'cause they can't 'pent, but Pomp kin. Come now, honey, Mammy will sing for you," and she sang:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

"Mammy," said Fiddle, after the hymn was finished, "How kin I alluz 'member to bless Pomp?"

"Yer have to pray 'bout it chile," answered Mammy; "stop long enough when you git mad to say the Lord's prayer."

At last poor little Fiddle forgot all her troubles and dropped asleep in Mammy's arms.

When she awoke the next morning she was not well, her fall badly injured her, and from that day she gradually wasted away. Subdued by sickness, when Mammy left her sitting in the court for the benefit of the air and sunlight, the child rarely answered Pomp when he teased her about her name.

Fiddle sat out in the court one day in the Indian summer. Her large black eyes had become dreamy as if watching some far off view. Pomp came along, and began his old work of teasing; he was provoked that she did not seem to hear him, and to attract her attention he swore at her, using frightful oaths.

She looked at him for a moment solemnly, rose to her feet, spread out her hands as she had seen the minister do in church, and said,

"May the blessin' of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost be with you now and evermore."

Pomp's mouth flew open with amazement, and he almost shivered as she finished the benediction and went away.

That night Fiddle was very tired, and Mammy rocked the child until she fell into an uneasy slumber.

The sunlight streamed in the little room the next morning, when the old woman stole in to see if her "chile" were awake. She was awake indeed, although she did not answer Mammy's call, for Death had come earlier, and the child had awakened to the joys of an endless life.

The old woman wailed and sobbed the entire day, and when the sunset hour came was spent with grief. There was a low knock at the door, and Pomp entered. His face had a woe-begone expression, and there was a piece of rusty crape tied to his buttonhole. "Kin I see Fiddle?" he asked.

He stood looking at the lifeless form, tears running down his black face. "I used to tease her, Mammy," said he, "but I didn't mean nuffin, and yesterday, when I cussed at her in fun, she stood up and gave me the minister's blessin'," and the boy looked as if the solemnity of the benediction rested upon him still. "This morning," continued the boy, "I held a horse for a gentleman and he gave me some money, and, Mammy, I bought these yer flowers; kin I put them by Fiddle?"

He lay down a small bunch of violets by the dead face, stooped and kissed the child more than once, and amid the moanings of Mammy he departed.—*The Christian Union.*

Cholera Infantum.

An eminent physician in Philadelphia furnishes the public with the following rules in the treatment of cholera infantum: Keep the child cool by means of frequent and protracted bathing in water cooler than the atmosphere. If the temperature of the atmosphere is very high—say about 80 to 90 degrees Fahrenheit, or if it is close and oppressive—the bathing should be repeated a number of times in the course of the day, the water for this purpose being regulated to about 65 or 70 degrees. Sometimes, instead of immersing the child in the water, it may suffice to sponge it copiously. Thus treated the child will feel cool and comfortable for several hours, after which the process may be repeated, there being no cause for apprehension whatever that the little one will be weakened thereby (as is sometimes erroneously supposed) even if kept in the water for half an hour at a time. The object of this bathing is to substitute a surrounding medium, the temperature of which may be regulated at will, for the atmosphere whose temperature is not so readily modified.

As to the diet, the most important article of food is milk, accompanied, after the tenth month of the infant's age, with a small quantity of crushed water cracker soaked in the milk in the form of a "pap." Great care should be taken not to overfeed babies during the warm season, as the function of digestion at such times is just as much averse to being overworked as are the functions of the muscles.

The milk that is used should be as fresh as it can possibly be had. If a cow could be milked every time that the baby needs feeding it would be all the better. At all events the milk should be freshly drawn from the udder at least twice a day, and to facilitate the preservation should be immediately boiled, and then cooled and kept on ice in closely-covered vessels. All the water, too, that is given to infants for drink should first be boiled, and, when cooled and settled, carefully poured off from the top, bottled, and kept on ice. The process of boiling purifies and purifies the water, and destroys the vitality, to a great extent at least of the parisites it may have contained. But to do still more towards neutralizing any injurious effects of the water, a few drops of pure Cognac brandy should be added to every drink given the infant. Sometimes a few drops of lemon juice (if the child is a year old or over) may be added; or a little camomile tea in the proportion of a teaspoonful to wineglassful of water. A very little sugar also should be added.

Of water thus modified the child may drink without let or hindrance, guarding only against too large quantities at a time. In fact the water thus given will aid in cooling the blood from within, and diminishing its tendency towards congestion, even as the lotions and bathing exert this effect from without.

A Cure for Whisky Drinkers.—A

correspondent, who signs himself "one who has reformed," sends us the following: Capt. Hall was the commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habits of drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for seven months. At the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquor, although he had many times been 10d captive by a most debasing appetite. The prescription, which he afterwards published, and by which so many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows: Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; peppermint water, 11 drachms; spirits of nutmeg, 1 drachm; twice a day.

In Trouble.—A horribly nervous

lady accompanied by her husband, arrived in Baltimore recently on a visit, and on their way to a hotel, encountered two men on the sidewalk, quietly engaged in conversation. The lady instantly fancied the men intended harm to her husband and set up a violent screaming, and before the husband could obtain an explanation from her, he was in the hands of the two men, they naturally supposing that the woman had been assaulted. An explanation of the conduct of the husband was demanded, and the nervous female perceiving that her champions were about to thrash her husband, quickly explained matters and relieved her husband from the awkard position in which her own folly had placed him.

Col. French's Will.—The will of the late Col. French, the well known hotel keeper of New York, disposes of about two million dollars worth of property. The widow is amply provided for, and the children, nine in number, share equally in the rest, an exception being made in the case of Charles, who is blind. He receives a greater amount than is given to his brothers and sisters. French's Hotel will not lose its fame, as the Colonel's sons have decided to continue the business—making the hotel a monument to their father, the pioneer hotel proprietor.

"That man," said a wag, "came to this city forty years ago, purchased a basket, and commenced gathering rags. How much do you suppose he is worth now?" We give it up. "Nothing," he continued, after a pause, "and he owes for the basket."

Joe and his Party.

About twen y years ago there lived in a back quarter of one of our large cities a young lumber merchant, whom, for lack of another name, we will call him Joe. A stout-built, clean-skinned, blue-eyed young fellow, with a brisk sweet-tempered little wife and a baby or two in a two-storied brick house not far from his yard. Nobody knew wood better than Joe; nobody bought or sold it more fairly. In other matters than wood, too, his strong common sense and downrightness made their mark: he was a man whom, in Western slang, "you could tie to:" whether it was a church meeting or a temperance gathering, or a mere social affair among the neighbors, Joe, modest, practical, fine-natured, was always made a referee and judge. In these political and religious questions he held himself outside of old rules made by one set of men, which are so seldom apt to suit any other: to bring anything down to the broad foundations of common sense and simple right was his effort, and gave his power. Nobody could doubt that Joe, as a lumber trader, a father, husband, and citizen, had found precisely the right niche, and was filling it thoroughly.

Satan comes to every man, however, once in his lifetime. One Spring lumber was dull: there was a corner in ash or a waste in locust which Joe could not master. He went into the political campaign then in progress to keep his mind from the vexatious business. He had taken up the losing side, because "it had justice with it," and threw himself into it bravely. Honesty and courage count even in politics in the long run; the losing side won; and Joe found himself set on a pedestal as a strong and successful orator. A month or two afterward he found himself endowed with a snug office in token of appreciation of his party. The income was double that of the lumber jobbing. Joe began to look less for the intangible verities called common sense and right, and to recognise that there was such a thing as his party; as pleasing, winning a reality to talk and write incessantly about as ever bridegroom found a bride. Not that he did not still ground every act and word on the basis of a sturdy conscience; but the party was an agreeable something that he had served and that had well paid the service.

All this was twenty years ago. In one of the showiest plaster palaces of the same city Joe keeps his family now. He has his home at the hotels. He is a Senator in the State in which he lives. His party pays better in that State, he says, than they do in Washington. They pay Joe well—on compulsion. He is a big, puffy, white-whiskered, purple-faced man, with diamonds in his shirt front, and an eyeglass, through which he takes the measure of other men, himself unseen. He can tell to a penny how much bleeding you will stand when you take a bill to him to pass. No man will grind your ax better, but you shall pay for the grinding. When certain "visionary theorists," "unpractic cals," thrust a measure into the Legislature on the merits of its justice or philanthropy alone, it is a study to observe Joe's fat finger on flabby chin weigh it as he might a child's bubble, and then crush it in his palm. "Very pretty, but theoretical, Sir! theoretical! The party cannot afford to indulge such whim-whams. He gives a solid donation to the Church now and then, but he is seen no more in pew or vestry meetings. His wife and children are expensively housed and clothed, but Joe's personal acquaintance with them is but slight. Politics are the business of life here to him and hereafter for all he knows otherwise. He is successful, too, in his trade; has been Governor already, and talked of as candidate for President before one or two campaigns. It is not improbable that some day his highest point of ambition may be reached. As a ruler he would satisfy many of his followers. It is true he would have as much idea of science of philosophy of government as an ox; the very alphabet of political economy is unknown to him. But he would complacently compare daily his condition with that of Joe the lumber trader, and, with praiseworthy integrity to one end, gather house to house, stocks to stocks, to widen the contrast in these conditions. Outside and beyond, he would serve his party faithfully—in order to insure his next election. What more can common sense, or right, or the people ask of their servants?

How Small Expenditures Count.—Five cents each morning—a mere trifle. Thirty-five cents per week is not much yet it would buy coffee and sugar for a whole family—$18.52 a year, and this amount invested in a bank at the end of a year, and the interest thereon at six per cent., computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than $689—enough to buy a good farm in the West. Five cents before breakfast and dinner and supper; you hardly miss it; yet it is fifteen cents a day—$1.05 a week. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you have over $3,000. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot. Ten cents each morning—not hardly worth a second thought—yet with it you can buy a paper of pins or a spool of thread. Seventy cents a week—it would buy several yards of muslin—$37.50 a year—deposit this amount, and you have $2,240 in twenty years—quite a snug little fortune. Ten cents before breakfast and dinner and supper—thirty cents a day; it would buy a book for the children; 2.10 per week—enough to pay for a year's subscription to a good newspaper; 106.50 per year—with it you could buy a good melodeon, to pleasantly while away the evening hours. And this amount invested as before, would in forty years produce the desirable amount of $15,000.

Take an Apple.—A Minnesota editor is responsible for the following story: Fifteen years ago when Minnesota voted the State railroad bonds, Mr. John Hart, living in Rollingstone Valley, after the election was over, was invited by a friend to take a glass of "hop soda," but instead of taking a drink, he took two apples. One he gave to his wife, and the other he ate himself. Both he and she saved the seeds of those two apples, which they planted, and from which sprung eight apple trees. Five of them have lived, have prospered, and grown to be hardy, vigorous, bearing trees. Latterly, each tree bears from ten to fifteen bushels of apples yearly. At the fair in Minneapolis, last fall, he secured two premiums of $50 each, upon the apples taken from these trees. Since they commenced bearing he has gathered from these trees nearly one thousand dollars worth of apples, which have all originated from the simple fact that he took apples instead of beer.

Cool Enough.—The late Chief Justice Doherty, of Ireland, used to tell this good story of his posting days. He was going circuit in a post-chaise, and at a dangerous part, where the road skirted a descent, one of the horses which had been behaving wildly all the way, began kicking furiously. Much alarmed, Doherty called out: "This is outrageous. I don't think that horse has ever been in harness before." "Bedad, your lordship's right. He was only took out of the field this morning." "And do you mean to tell me that you have put an unbroken horse in my carriage?" "Sorra a sight of the leather he har ever seen till to-day. And if he brings your lordship safe to the fut of the hill, the masther says he'll buy him."

Indian Ponies.

From the Baker City (Oregon) *Red-Rock Democrat* we extract the following incident in the life of Western Aborigines:

A band of Indians from the Umatilla Reservation are in town selling off a lot of cayuse ponies. The price ranges from $2 50 to $40. It is quite exciting to see these Indians lasso and capture one of their wild horses.

An evening or two since we witnessed the capture of an unusually wild one—one that seemed to prefer death to the loss of his native freedom. The band was first corralled. An Indian then took a lasso, made out of leather, we judge, and swinging it around and over his head a few times, he at length threw it, very dexterously and unerringly, over the neck of the cayuse. The manner in which he plunged, and jumped stiff-legged, and struck with his fore-feet, was fearful to behold. Four stalwart Indians were necessary to hold him; and for a time he made them fly around quite lively; he then caused the big crowd of white men and boys to vacate the correl in a twinkling.

For several minutes he would not permit his fore-legs to be lassooed—striking at the Indian most savagely whenever he approached for that purpose. Meanwhile the slip-noose being firmly held by four Indians, was gradually but surely choking him; and finally his breathing could have been heard a block or two distant. At last an old Indian managed to get another slip-noose around his fore legs; when that over his neck was somewhat loosened; and the cayuse, by a quick jerk, was thrown on his side so violently that it is really a wonder that every rib on that side was not broken. Next his hind feet were lassooed and tied firmly to his fore-legs; then an Indian slapped him patronizingly on his neck, side and flank, and then complacently sat down upon him, and remained there for several minutes—the crowd meanwhile gathering around the humiliated cayuse.

At length the Indian arose from his seat, and with a grin, he opened the mouth of the horse and spit in it; and after breathing into his nostrils several times, and speaking to him in jargon, the animal was untettered and made to stand on his feet again. But he lacked much of being subdued; and he proudly bid defiance to his red capters; but his efforts to regain his freedom were unavailing. Indian skill proved more than a match for the unfortunate cayuse pony; and he was finally led and driven into the stable of his white owner, and disappeared from our view.

African Women.—Many of the women of Africa, says Dr. Livingstone, are very pretty, and, like all ladies, would have been much prettier if they had only let themselves alone. Fortunately, the dears could not change charming black eyes, beautiful foreheads, nicely rounded limbs, well shaped forms, and small hands and feet, but must adorn themselves, and this they do—"oh, the hussies!"—by filing splendid teeth to points like cats' teeth. It was distressing; for it made their smile—which had so much power over us—like that of crocodile ornaments, scarce. What would our ladies do if they had none, but pout and lecture on womans rights. But these specimens of the fair sex make shift by adorning fine warm brown skins, tattooing various pretty devices without colors, that beside purposes of beauty serve the heralding uses of our Highland tartans. They are not black, but of light warm brown color, and so very sisterish, if I may use the word, like a new coinage, it feels an injury done one's self to see a bit of grass stuck through the cartilage of the nose so as to bulge out the *ale wasi*, or wing of the nose of the anatomists. Cazembe's Queen, Moaria Nyombe by name, would be esteemed a real beauty either in London, Paris, or New York, and yet she has a small hole through the cartilage, near the tip of her fine, slightly aquiline nose. But she had only filed one side of two of the front of her superb snow-white teeth, and then what a laugh she had! Let those who wish to know go see her. She was carried to her farm in a pony phaeton, which is a sort of throne, fastened in two very long poles and carried by twelve stalwart citizens.

Jealously and Revenge.—A truly scientific revenge was recently effected by a young chemist in Venice named Orlando Farnerini upon a pair of lovers whose mutual passion had disturbed the current of his own affections. He loved a young lady, but she loved a young tailor better. Orlando owed him money for clothes, and sent word that he would pay him and make his betrothed a present if they would both come to his laboratory. They accepted the invitation, and were politely received and slily led in conversation to the subject of electricity, about which he had much to say. Both listened with astonishment, and were quite delighted when the professor proposed that they should allow themselves to be electrified. He bade them give him their hands, put the one pole of a Rumkorf apparatus between the girl's fingers, and the other into the tailor's hand, and then joined the currents. A terrible cry broke from the pair of lovers; They fell to the ground in convulsive fits, then got up again, in the greatest torment, but Farnerini only laughed. The Two wretched beings drew the apparatus after them, tumbled over the furniture, and almost broke their limbs in their frantic efforts to rid themselves of the mighty current, but in five minutes they had become two distorted corpses. Then, and only then, Farnerini stopped the electric fluid, and went to report the matter to the police, which he did with the greatest *sang froid* possible.

Fattening Cattle on Grass.—In Great Britain and Ireland the wealthiest and most independent farmers are those who occupy large farms or good grass land, and who fatten and sell annually large numbers of cattle. This class of farmers are called graziers; they keep very little of the land in tillage, do not winter large numbers of cattle, but buy two or three year old heifers and steers in the spring, keep them on choice pasture during the summer and autumn, and sell before the animals begin to lose flesh late in the fall. The vast heards of Texan cattle are sometimes managed in a similar way, being purchased when in low condition, and driven on the ranche and fed on sufficient prairie grass until they have become nearly fat. Farmers who have good grass land should devote at least a portion of it to fattening stock. Good two or three-year-old heifers and steers, kept on a rich pasture for six months, would probably pay better than inferior tillage. The money would all come together, and the cost of transportation, compared with that of cereals, would be trifling. Every farmer should fatten all his young stock that are not required for the dairy or yoke. Selling stock of any kind before they are properly made up for the market is very bad management, and a great deal of money is lost by farmers in this way.

The objection incidentally raised in connection with the one-cent postal cards, that improper anguage may be used by writers, to the detriment of recipients, is done away with by the fact that persons so disposed may do the same on the backs of envelopes now, and that there is a post office order to prevent the delivery of such communications.

A Camp Meeting in the Olden Time.

The order of the day would be almost uniformly this: The horn (which was a long tin one, hung in the preaching-stand) was sounded at sunrise, when it was expected that all persons in the tents would rise. Half an hour later it was blown again for family worship, which must be observed in every tent, after which breakfast was prepared and eaten.

At eight or nine, according to the season, the horn announced prayer meeting in the tents; at ten it proclaimed preaching; after that followed prayers at the stand and a call for mourners, or, as it was more correctly and elegantly expressed, "an invitation to such as desired an interest in the prayers of those present, from a conviction that they were sinners."

Then came the recess for the mid-day meal, and after this there was preaching again at 2 P. M. There were prayers at the stand and mourners called forward again, after which there was usually an adjournment to the open part of the ground, and a grand prayer meeting organized in "the ring."

The ring-meeting was formed in this way: If there were many mourners at the alter, as it was called—that is, two or three designated benches in front of the pulpit—some one in authority would order a removal, on which some active fellows would shoulder a few benches and carry them to the square, and have them placed in a convenient manner and ready for the mourners to kneel by or sit upon.

Before these were removed, but in an incredibly short time, enough stout young men would join hands around the benches to form a compact inclosure. These again were enclosed by an outer ring of those who were the first to spring to the place, that they might have a full view of the proceedings; for it was understood that this circle was not to be entered except by the mourners and those who are to talk and pray with them.

The young people of the country were generally good singers and they knew the hymns and tunes mostly in use, and the numbers who would join in the singing would now be surprising. Two resolute ones of the living wall of this ring would be designated at once as door-posts and doorkeepers, who at their discretion admitted persons within the enclosure.

The mourners were then brought on, and entering kneeled at the benches, while a brother or leading voice would start "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy," or some similar song, in which every available voice would join, not a brick of the walls of this tabernacle keeping silence.

Then followed a prayer, then a song, and then prayer, and at last a steady stream of song and supplication, running together like the parts of a *fugue*, harmonizing in spite of all discord.

Emphasis.—A Boston paper says: Is it not pleasure to have, converse with you, one of those individuals who punctuate their relation of what they consider particularly good stories or funny occurrences with pokes, nudges or digs in your ribs? The worst of it is, the jokes of these funny creatures are made up of nine parts nudges and thrusts, and one part wit, as, for instance, in listening to the story of a large-headed man trying on a small hat, we endured the following: "By the by, speaking of hats, (pokes us in the bread-basket and stands back as if to view the effect,) did you hear of that joke on Bumps?" (Slaps us on the shoulder and laughs.) "Biggest joke of the season." (Punch in the breast bone.) "Bumps, you see, was just about coming out of the hotel dining hall." (Nudge in our ribs with elbow.) "Well, he's got tremendous big head, you know, (grabs on lappel of our coat;) so two of us just hid his hat, (wink and punch in ribs with bony index finger,) and put four other fellers' drab hats just like his in its place." (Poke into shirt-bosom.) "Bumps comes out, tries first one hat, (poke,) then another, (punch;) finally, ha! ha! he got mad, and (elbow jab) jammed the third one on so hard he split it open." (Tremendous thrust in stomach.) "Ha! ha! ha!—Jim Bustah's hat! And Bumps had to stand treat—three bottles—ha! ha! ha!" (Tremendous slap between shoulders, that took all the remaining breath out of our body.)

False Hair.—Some time since when it was announced that the story that jute braids and "switches" were infested with insects, was merely an invention of the enemy, the women took heart and built higher and stronger. But now a distinguished chemist who has been investigating the matter says that although it is true there are no parasites in jute, still it is sure to destroy the human scalp if allowed to remain long in contact with it. He says that in the preparation of jute corrosive sublimate, a most deadly mercurial poison, and nicotine, the essential principle of tobacco, are used, and that the jute, becoming brittle like spue glass, breaks into small particls which enter the pores of the scalp, and, introducing the poison, cause first a slight irritation, and afterward serious ulceration. Similar, though less marked effects follow the wearing of other substitutes for the natural covering of the head, so that evil results follow in any case. These facts are not stated in the expectation that they will make the least difference in the sale or use of the artical, but simply that we may be able to say to the multitude of baldheaded women ten years hence, "we told you so!"

When the Dark Cometh.—A little girl sat, at twilight, in her sick mother's room, busily thinking. All day she had been full of fun and noise, and had many times worried her poor tired mother. "Ma," said the little girl, "what do you suppose makes me get over my mischief and begin to act good just about this time every night?" "I do not know dear. Can you tell me why?" "Well I guess it's because this is when the dark comes. You know I am a little afraid of that. And then, ma, I begin to think of all the naughty things I've done to grieve you, and that perhaps you might die before morning, and so I begin to act good." "O!" thought I, "how many of us wait until the dark comes, in the form of sickness or sorrow, or trouble of some kind, before we 'begin to act good.' How much better to be good while we are enjoying life's bright sunshine; and 'when the dark comes'—as it will, in a measure, to all—we shall be ready to meet it without fear."

Resemblance.—A very remarkable old man died in London, at the age of ninety-one. He bore an extraordinary resemblance to the first Napoleon, and boasted to the hour of his death of having won the battle of Jena. The following was his story, which, however true or false, was universally accepted: During a critical moment of the battle, Albolino (this was the old man's name), seeing the soldiers begin to waver, mounted a horse, and galloping in front of the troops, cried out, "I am your Emperor! Farewell!" His corporals uniform and his resemblance to the Emperor created such enthusiasm in the ranks that they pressed forward and the battle was won; not, however, before the Prussians had noticed the cheat, and Albolino was seriously wounded. He lived upon a pension in Paris until quite an old man, and then went to end his days in London.

Colliery Explosions and the Weather

Thirty years ago George Stephenson wrote concerning colliery explosions: "Generally speaking, there has been some fault in the ventilation of mines when accidents have occurred." This view has been amply confirmed by subsequent observation, and accidents are now extremely rare where thorough ventilation is insured. It has been found, however, that the weather exerts an important influence on the process of ventilation, and either in this or some other way is intimately connected with the occurrence of explosions. Society is shown that accidents are most frequent when a serious break occurs after a period of calm weather. In the first warm days of spring explosions are also common. Out of 550 explosion, 266 or 48 per cent., are associated with low barometer; 133 with sudden elevation of the temperature of the external air; and 161 remain unaccounted for on meteorological grounds. Periods of low barometer, and a sudden rise of temperature, are thus both characterized by the frequent occurrence of accidents. The effect of a rise in temperature on the ventilation of the mine is thus explained: The natural temperature of a mine of the depth of 50 fathoms being 55 deg., that of one 200 fathoms deep 70 deg., and so on (speaking generally), if the temperature of the external air rises to 55 deg., natural ventilation must cease in shallow pits, and similarly in other cases. Accordingly, if a warm day occurs in the cold season of the year, and the furnaces are not in action to keep up the current, an explosion is very likely to occur.

It has long been observed that when the barometer, after having stood at a high level for a time, begins to fall more or less rapidly, the accumulations of foul air and gas in the abandoned galleries and fissures of a mine emit part of their contents into the ventilating currents which flow past them. Issuing thus in greater quantity than usual from the cavities and fissures into the workings, and more especially into places where the air if stagnant and already more or less foul by admixture of gas, the volume of the explosive portion of this mixture will increase in consequence of the increased rapidity of diffusion, or in other words, the explosive boundary will extend itself. This extension of the explosive boundary is gradual, and in some cases a considerable time may elapse before tha boundary has reached its extreme limits and begins again to recede. During all this period the mine will be in an abnormally dangerous condition, and this explains why explosions may occur some days after the barometer has reached its lowest level and when, perhaps, it is again on the rise.

Impure ventilating currents sometimes give rise to accidents by increasing rather than diminishing the explosive character of the gases within the pit.

The paper concludes by stating that the evidence fairly justifies the view that meteorological changes are the proximate causes of most of the accidents; but whatever these changes may be, it is absolutely necessary to keep a most careful watch over the amount of air passing through the workings.

Rat Catching.—The following is said to be the means used by the professional rat catchers of Paris to destroy the vermin: They take a deep tub with water on the bottom, and a little elevation in the middle like an island on which is only space for just one rat to sit. The top is covered, and has a large balanced valve opening downward; on the middle of this valve a piece of fried pork or cheese is fixed, and when the rat walks on it to get the cheese, the valve goes down, drops the rat in the water, and moves back in position. A road is made from a rat hole to the top of the tub, by means of a piece of board rubbed with cheese so as to make the walk attractive to the rats. In the course of a single night some ten or twenty or even more rats may go down, and if the island was not there they would be found most alive in the morning quietly swimming around; but the provision of the little island saves the trouble of killing them, because their egotistic instinct of self-preservation causes them to fight for the exclusive possession of the island, of which in the morning the strongest rat is found in solitary possession, all others being killed or drowned around him.

The Chicago Fire Insurances.—The annual insurance report just issued by the State authorities in Illinois, has some interesting information in regard to how the Chicago fire affected the insurance companies, having a paid up capital of $19,847,438, and an accumulated net surplus of $5,010,67122. Of the $64,760,461 Chicago losses of the seventy-four companies doing business in the State up to the time of the fire, $9,562,863 has been paid, and the insurance report estimates that over $12,000,000 will yet be paid. This will make about 33 per cent., of the losses of the said seventy-four companies that will be paid. The report closes with a protest against an evil growing out of competition, and one which is on the increase. It is the prevalent practice among agents to take risks on property at its full value, and frequently at an amount greater than its value. "The moral hazard in this kind of underwriting," says the insurance commissioner, "becomes fearfully great, and may we not infer that many of the fires now occurring throughout the country are the result of it? I do not say that companies permit or that all agents are guilty of this error; but that it is too general cannot be denied." It is even suggested that legislative action may be had to prohibit insurance risks of this character.

The Old Practice Revived.—Mr. John Dorcas, who lived near Tipton, Iowa, says he has allowed his land to rest after the manner of the Jews, every seven years. This he does on what is properly known as the wet year. He owns four hundred acres of land, and he, although having a large family of sons, has not plowed a furrow for corn or small grain. The seventh year he devotes to building and repairing fences, planting trees and other improvements, which are, to a great extent, neglected during the six years of extensive farming. After the 4th of July he begins to plow the heavy crop of weeds under before they go to seed, thus enriching and resting his land and getting the lead of his business for the following six years. He makes money besides getting well rested and a fair start with the world. A good idea.—*Linn County Pilot.*

Engraving with Sand.—Glass engraving and the shaping of stones by means of a jet of sand, has been tried with success at Paris. Any pattern on the glass may be produced at pleasure, or, if required the whole surface may be ground or deadened. The cutting force of sand is such, under the influence of the blast, that it will pierce the hardest substances, even a steel file. A diamond loses weight if exposed to the jet for one minute; and in the same time a topaz entirely dissappears. But to engrave glass, the pressure need not be great; and it is found by practice that glass may be engraved if the sand be driven by no greater power than the wind from an ordinary blowpipe. On the other hand, it is remarkable that little or no effect is produced by the full blast on soft substances, such as caoutchouc, paper, and the gelatine used in photography.

Duty to the Last

Our frigate—the Columbus—lay in the harbor of Algiers, the broad, blue pennant at the main, with its white stars, showing that the ship contained the commodore (Bainbridge).

One day I went ashore with several of the midshipmen, on liberty; that is to say, we had the day all to ourselves, free of orders, to do what we pleased, provided we were not up to mischief.

The commodore chanced to be ashore at the same time. As we walked along one of the streets we saw him on the other side of the way; a tall, handsome man, with clear eagle eyes, and decided countenance.

Coming from an opposite direction, we beheld a youth of seventeen, one of the foremast hands, walking as if intoxicated. Usually, Henry West—such was the name of the boy—was a sober, well-behaved lad, who had never yet been punished for misbehavior.

We divined at once that, for the first time in his life, he had, by older shipmates, been persuaded to drink. He was a delicate youth, who had just recovered from a bad fever, which, for several weeks, had confined him to the "Sick Bay"—an apartment on the berth-deck, for the accommodation of the sick. This lad was the son of Tom West—an old boatswain's mate, whom the commodore valued more than any other petty officer in the ship, as he had been with him on several voyages, and had the honor of piping a whistle aboard the old Constitution, which Bainbridge commanded, during the action with the Java.

Old West almost idolized his son. He had never spoken a cross word to him in his life.

In his turn, the boy would obey his father's slightest wish—never do anything to provoke him.

"Ay, ay, he'll be commodore yet," West would mutter to himself. "Blast his eyes if he won't!"

The commodore being preoccupied with his own thoughts, on this day, ran slap against the youth, almost knocking him off his feet.

"You big lubber," exclaimed the boy, pushing Bainbridge with both hands, "why didn't you get out of the way?"

Even as he spoke, the coxswain of our boat came rushing out of a public house hard by, and catching the lad by the collar dragged him off.

"Aboard with him at once!" said Bainbridge, and, coloring with displeasure, he walked on.

The result of this insult to the commodore, was a court-martial, which sentenced the youth to one hundred lashes.

"It'll kill him—it'll kill him!" muttered old West, whose province it was to administer the cat-o'-nine tails.

The old fellow's heart was almost broken. Never before had Henry got intoxicated; he had been a model for all the other sailors until now.

Often during the night watches, I would see the old boatswain's mate walking the deck, with tears glistening in his eyes.

It would be his duty to punish the lad—ay, his was the hand that must shower lashes upon the bare back of his poor boy.

Would he do so? Would not his heart fail him as he lifted those sharp, cutting thongs above his boy, who, little more than a skeleton since his convalescence from the fever, had grown yet more thin since his confinement in the brig.

Sometimes I would glance at Bainbridge when he would come up on the spar-deck for his afternoon walk, and wonder if he ever thought of the lad in he brig. Occasionally, it seemed to me that his piercing glance in that direction, always softened a little when it rested on the old boatswain's mate, not far off. I believed he felt more sorrow for the father than for the son.

At length the day fixed for the lad's punishment arrived.

The boatswain sounded a long call on his whistle; then his voice was heard ringing through the ship:

"All hands on deck to witness punishment!"

The grating was already in its place, just forward of the gangway. Thither the master-at-arms led the youth, lashed his feet to the instrument, and his hands, wide apart, to the bulwarks.

The boatswain's mate—old West—came forward, as pale as death.

And yet, not a tremor shook his frame. He walked up, and drawing the "cat" out of its sheath, began straightening the strings.

There was his son, right before him—his poor wasted back showing the protruding bones, which were to shrink beneath the dreadful lashes.

I glanced alternately at old West and the commodore.

The poor boatswain's mate compressed his lips suddenly, and raised a hand to his eyes. When he took it away I saw two great tears in his sea-blue orbs. I saw his broad breast heave, as if he were striving to keep back the choking sobs that were ready to break forth.

As to the commodore, he showed no emotion that I could perceive. His countenance had the usual look of stern repose; his clear, piercing eyes gleamed unflinchingly.

A moment there was a dead silence; then the voice of the captain was heard:

"*Go on boatswain's mate

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Aug. 23., '72.

TERMS.—The REPORTER is published weekly at $2 per year, in advance, or $2,50 when not paid in advance. For six months half these rates.

Advertisements $1,50 per square (ten lines) for three insertion. Advertisements for 3, 6 and 12 months, at reduced rates.

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5 Not agreed upon.	17 R. W. Christie.
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Supreme Judge—JAMES THOMPSON.
Auditor General—WM. HARTLEY.

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Jeremiah S. Black, Wm. Bigler, Wm. H. Smith, John H. Campbell, James Ellis, George M. Dallas, A. A. Purman,
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Prothonotary—AARON WILLIAMS.
Register—JOHN H MORRISON.
Recorder—ISRAEL J. GRENOBLE.
Sheriff—BENJ. F. SHAFER.
Commissioner—AUSTIN HINTON.
Auditor—JOHN SMITH.
Coroner—P. S. FISHER.

Montana O. K.

The Montana election, after complete returns, has gone democratic by 300 majority.

So goes the tide, and soon the last vestige of Grantism will be swept from the country. Next.

Congress.

Henry Sherwood, our present able congressman, will undoubtedly be renominated. Clinton has pronounced in his favor, and so did Centre last week, Mr. Sherwood has proven himself a useful member, even the republicans express themselves satisfied and find no fault with his record. It is not often that a public servant renders such universal satisfaction as did Hon. Henry Sherwood, to the people of the 18th district. The democrats can place no more popular gentleman in the field. We believe that he will receive many republican votes that can be obtained by no other democrat in this district. He is not connected with the Washington plunder rings, nor was he engaged in jobs. Every honest man in the 18th district, owes it to himself to vote for the re-election of Mr. Sherwood.

Who Got the $200.

We should like some one to tell us whether there is any truth in the whisper, that $200 were paid to a democratic paper in Centre county, out of a fund raised by the Grant men in Washington city, immediately after the Cincinnati convention, to hire democratic papers to oppose Greeley's nomination at Baltimore and stick out for a straight nomination.

That such a fund was raised, every body was aware of at the time, and if $200 of it found its way as a bribe to a democratic paper in Centre county, to thus aid the prospects of Grant, what paper got it? We are sure it did not reach the REPORTER office. The singular conduct in certain quarters gives strong circumstantial evidence of the truth of such a whisper. We make no charge, but ask for further light upon the matter.

Whom will the rads of this county set up to be knocked down?

Orvis will knock one sure.

Shafer will knock a second one.

Williams will give a third Jessie.

Morrison will finish a fourth,

Grenoble will scotch a fifth.

Hinton will mash a seventh.

Smith will audit the account by squelching the eighth, and

Dr. Fisher will hold an inquest over the whole as he *draps* the ninthradical scalawag.

We print a letter this week from Germany, from one known to many readers of the Reporter. We expect an occasional letter from the same quarter, which, with our regular letters from distant India, also from one who is known to most of our readers, we trust will make the Reporter still more acceptable to its patrons. Few papers, outside the large cities, can boast of a corps of corresponnden spread over a wider field tha given through these columns for several years past, taking in not only our own distant states and teritories, but extending to Europe and Asia. We can boast also that the Reporter is read not only in every western state and territory, but in Europe and Asia it has its readers who anxiously await its arrival with every mail and to whom it brings welcome news.

Col. Mosbey and Spotted Tail still hold out for Grant. Hope the'yll stick.

Some people were duped as to the office of constitutional delegate, by being told it was worth nothing. The salary is $700, and with milage, stationary, &c., runs it up to about $1000.

Grant's only reply to the reception speech of Mayor Butterfield of Utica was, "I suppose I am to be the guest of Senator Conkling."

Godey, for September, is brimful of valuable matter for ladies, in its fashion plates, patterns, and literary matter, excelling all competitors.

Anything to Beat Greeley.

J. M. Edmunds is Grant's postmaster at Washington and secretary of the Grant congress campaign committee. Desiring to serve his patron and himself he is just now engaged in distributing Blanton Duncan's call for the Louisville bourbon convention. A letter accompanies the circular. It reads as follows:

Washington, D. C., July 30. 1872
—Dear Sir: Please send the enclosed circular to active democrats in your district who do not support Greeley and will co-operate in the Louisville convention. Send me a list of such men in each county immediately.

J. M. EDMUNDS,
Secretary.

Who will say now that the bourbon movement is not in the interest of Grant? The Washington Grant managers evidently so regard it.

In a Fix.

Greeley's nomination by the liberals and democrats, has left the radicals in a bad fix. They are mad, yet dare not let it out. They can't swear at old Horace, openly, for they always idolized him before, and when they say their damn, they must do it privately, and that affords them so little satisfaction.

The Tribune, once their favorite paper, and the one they swore by, has gone back on them, and will not endorse the corruptions of Grant's administration, and it makes them mad to read it now. All the good and honest republicans have left the Grant camp and are over with the liberals and democrats now, and that makes them mad. They can't say anything damaging against honest old Horace, and that makes them angry. They hear democrats go unitedly for Greeley, and that makes them bite themselves with rage. They know that Greeley will put Ulysses out of the white-house, and that makes them mad. They are in a fix, and that makes them mad.

The democratic county ticket, as far as regards the personnel, Orvis, Shafer, Morrison, Milliams, Grenoble, &c., gives general satisfaction—it is conceeded on all hands, that better men could not have been found. But there is some discontent because this side, which does the heavy democratic voting, and which must furnish the majorities, did not receive a single thing, save auditor.

Well, may it not be our own fault? We have the power in our own hands, and if our people wish to have their just dues, let them hereafter see to it, and work together, insisting upon their rights, and quit following the pernicious advice of certain tricky politicians of Bellefonte, who use them to be kept in office continually—or else let there be no grumbling afterwards. There always were persons over here who were delighted if they could only be tacked to the shirt-tail of a wily, smiling Bellefonte politician and were never so happy as when they durst be their cats-paws to secure them the offices, in opposition to the wishes of our honest democratic farmers and to the exclusion, frequently, of other honest and deserving democrats who are too noble to stoop to secret schemes and plots to secure a nomination. The mass of the citizens of the townships are honest, but they are often sold out by the few tools among them. Indeed, there are some so infatuated with this love for Bellefonte that they would starve the Reporter—which has ever defended the interests of this valley—for the sake of being in favor with a Bellefonte paper which repeatedly betrayed and sold them out. We refer to this merely by way of example, not by way of complaint, as we conceed to every one perfect freedom in this thing, and are above harboring any malice towards any one for a choice which he has a perfect right to make, neither can we be deterred thereby from pursuing a straightforward course in exposing wrong, we would rather see the Reporter sink. To return to our subject, these tools would keep certain tricking politicians in office all the time, rather than see another honest and deserving democrat get a place. This has been complained of for years, by the honest democracy of this side, and such characters there always will be, who, cliquing with tricksters, will sow seeds of discontent in the party. Let honest democrats, from this on, resolve to put their feet upon office-seeking plotters and cliques, who shun daylight, and the harmony of the party will be preserved. Fair-dealing, not everything to a few. We will drop this subject here, and call upon democrats to work with all their might for the success of the party.

Clinton County.

Clinton county democratic convention nominated Sherwood for re-election to Congress by acclamation, the other nominations are: Constitutional delegate, Geo. Achenbach. Assembly, A. C. Noyes. Sheriff. J. W. Fleming. Commissioner, Jacob Gets. Auditor, W. H. Clough.

Benj. F. Shafer, our candidate for sheriff, is a hardfisted farmer of Walker township. He is a good scholar besides, and is one of the most esteemed citizens of Nittany valley. His neighbors of all parties will vote for him; they all speak well of him. We have known him for many years, and the tongue of slander is powerless in his case.

Austin Hinton is one of the democratic pillars on the other side of the county, true to the party through success and defeat, the nomination of commissoner is well-bestowed upon Mr. Hinton. He will get, as he richly deserves, every democratic vote.

—Apple dumplin's haveriz—Col. Brown is recommended for congress.

—The old white hat is Grant's Sedan—it takes the white-house sure.

—Grant should begin all his documents and letters with, "Know all men by these *presents*."

—North Carolina did not *callwell* for Grant, but makes us *merrymen* for Greeley.

Hartranft with Yerkes did make a will,
And closed it up with his duebill;
Kemble's-A. D. S. too were relate,
To filch 300,000 from the State

—Under Johnson's administration the expenses for keeping up the white house, as officially given, were $76,000 per annum. Under Grant the same item runs up to $186,000.

Hon. Chas. R. Buckalew will be at Bellefonte, on Tuesday evening, court week, to address the citizens of Centre county upon the issues of the day. Democrats turn out, and ditto republicans if you would hear an honest man.

Hartranft and the War Claims.

The Patriot continues to reiterate its charges of "neglect of duty," "disobedience to laws" and "criminal carelessness" in respect to war claims, against General Hartranft, notwithstanding the fact, known as well to the Patriot as to the public, that General Hartranft had no control over the vouchers, except as a temporary custodian, and subject at any time to the orders of the executive.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Granting, for the sake of argument, that General Hartranft was merely the temporary custodian of the war claims vouchers, is it not very clear that the fiftieth section of the act of 1811 required him to report their unsettled condition to the legislature, as in the case of any other unsettled accounts? By that law he was required to report annually to the legislature a list of unsettled accounts in his hands and the reason therefor. Nevertheless, during the four years that those vouchers remained in the custody of the auditor general the legislature was kept in ignorance of the existence of such claims. Such being the law and the facts, we again charge that General Hartranft, in failing to comply with the law of 1811, was guilty of neglect of duty and disobedience of positive law, and in giving to George O. Evans of over one million of valuable claims, without requiring from him any security whatever, was not criminal carelessness, we confess that we know not what is required to constitute it.

It is very evident, however, that General Hartranft did not regard himself in the light of a temporary custodian of these vouchers. He testified before the Evans committee that Geo. O. Evans applied to him for the claims as early as 1868. Of course Evans did so on authority of Governor Geary, and as his agent, and, doubtless, he so stated to General Hartranft. If, therefore, General Hartranft, regarded himself as the mere custodian of the claims, why did he refuse to give them to Evans? Again, in 1869, George O. Evans presented himself to General Hartranft, bearing a letter from Governor Geary, in which that officer requested that the auditor general would put these vouchers into the hands of the bearer, his duly authorized agent. This request General Hartranft did not comply with. If merely to the custodian of these vouchers, why this refusal?

When, in 1870, the agent a third time bore a letter from Governor Geary to Hartranft, asking that these vouchers be given to the bearer of the letter General Hartranft states that he reluctantly did so only when the agent assured him that Governor Geary and his duly authorized agent were the only persons who could collect them. Does not this state of facts authorize us to add to our category of serious charges against General Hartranft that of gross ignorance? For the act which limited the payment of these claims to the governors of the respective states, or their duly authorized agents, was approved July 27. 1861. It is a legal maxim, that ignorance of the law excuses no one, and if ignorance of the law on the part of an ordinary person will not excuse him, certainly a public officer cannot escape the penalty which attaches to such ignorance, and particularly when, as in this case, his ignorance of the law put in jeopardy over one million of dollars of public money. That was a poor plea of the auditor general, to shield himself from the charge of neglect of duty by pleading ignorance of the law.

In addition to all the foregoing, we have the statement of General Hartranft, under oath, that he expected to collect these claims himself before the expiration of his term of office. If only the temporary custodian, why this expectation? If General Hartranft could show that he had asked Governor Geary to make him the agent to collect these claims at any time during the four years of his temporary custodianship, or if he could prove that he had once called the attention of his Excellency to them, or that he had complied with the law of 1811, and reported their condition to the legislature, then the Patriot and the public would gladly withdraw the charges of neglect of duty and disobedience to law. But the facts being as they are, we have only to say to our neighbors, the Telegraph, have a care how you go! for neither the Patriot nor the public will be satisfied with anything short of the logic of facts.—Patriot.

Perverting the Record.

Although it is not our special business to defend Mr. Buckalew from the misrepresentation of the Cameron ring organs, it is simply the duty of an independent press to state the truth, even when it affects a political opponent. The Examiner avers that Mr. Holcombe's report "says that he (Mr. H.) had repeated interviews with certain parties, among whom were Buckalew and Black." We have an official copy of that report before us, and it says no such thing. Holcombe simply says, "besides a crowd of less distinguished persons I saw, during the course of summer (in some instances repeatedly) Governor Hunt," and others named, among whom were "Mr. Buckalew, Judge Black, and Mr. Van Dyke, of Pennsylvania." The report says nothing about an "interview" with Mr. Buckalew, who went to Canada, as we now find by a reference to the records, as a member of the committee on Indian Affairs, where he was sent, with Messrs. Doolittle and Wilkison, to inquire into the mode of treating the Indians in that country; while Judge Black went at the request of Mr. Stanton, and with the sanction of President Lincoln.

If the Hartranft ring organ was desirous of making votes for Mr. Buckalew, it could not pursue a more effectual course to do so than by thus deliberately falsifying records accessible to any intelligent citizen.—Lancaster Express.

Paying off the Debt.

Boutwell claims that nearly $300,000,000 of the debt has been paid off by Grant in three years. Admitting this to be so, what credit attaches to Grant? These hundreds of millions certainly didn't come out of his breeches pocket. No part or parcel of it was paid out of the bonds, houses, or money received by him in the form of presents from expectants of Presidential favor. It came from the pockets of the people in the shape of duties and taxes.

This same Boutwell was a member of Congress, and in one of his speeches in the House in June 1868, said that from the 1st of January 1865 to the 1st of January 1868, two years and nine months, we have paid out of the public Treasury *one thousand five hundred and fifty two millions* of money, of which *one thousand and sixty-six millions* were on account of the public debt.

Now, as Andrew Johnson was President during these two years and nine months, it is plain that he paid off $384,000,000 per year—Mr. Boutwell himself being the witness.

We claim no merit for Johnson, nor can any merit be claimed for Grant it is as 100 for Grant to 384 for Johnson.

The Contest for Sheriff.

The late struggle for Democratic nomination for Sheriffalty was full of interest and instruction. Fifteen men of sound faith offered themselves to the party. Some came to the party with the plea that a host of friends had besought them out; some had worked hard and long for Democracy; some had eminent qualifications; a few said they commend Republican support; and others told the story of their political persecutions for the sake of Democracy. Among such men and pleas, the honest voters made their choice. They gave them all some evidence of their approval. The candidates came to the convention with various support. Some were strong, and some were weak. The delegates began to ballot for the man. As each ballot closed, the number of the candidates diminished. Finally the choice was narrowed down to Ben Shafer and John Spangler. The contest was close till near the last ballotings when Shafer, with 42 and Spangler 30, finished the interesting affair.

Shafer then became the choice of the party. Cheers followed and the people gathered around the hero of the day. Republicans, with malice in their hearts, suggested to Spangler the propriety of coming out independent. But Spangler cut the conversation by the emphatic response: "You must think I'm a fool." This Radical trick is renewed every year.

The Pennsvalley Democrats may feel disappointed. They claimed the office, But now the contest is over, and they will unite to elect the man of the party. Democrats, gather around the county ticket. Help to settle misunderstandings. Let no one carry his personal wishes so far as to refuse to submit to the party decision. The other fourteen candidates should work diligently for the man who was strong enough to win.

DANNIEL O'CONNELL.

Grant's Sayings.

It may interest the Grant men, who are so fond of quoting Greeley, to read what Grant has said. We give specimens below:

"I only voted at one Presidential election, and then I voted for Buchanan."—Grant in 1866.

"There is such universal acquiescence in the authority of the general government throughout the portions of the Southern States visited by me, that the mere presence of a military force, without regard to numbers, is sufficient to maintain order."—Grant's Report to Congress in 1866.

"I am not alone in this, and when I am convinced that this war is waged to prosecute the designs of the abolitionists, I pledge my honor as a soldier that I will carry my sword on the other side, and cast my lot with that people."—Grant in 1863.

"The liberties of the country cannot be maintained without a one-term amendment to the Constitution."—Grant in 1868

From Germany.

Correspondence of the Reporter.

Frankenthal, July 24 1872.

Mr. Fred Kurtz—Dear Sir—I thought of writing to you and hear how you are getting along. My brother and I got back to the old country safely, and are established in business since the 1st of May. We have a dry-goods store, but not one mixed up like at Milroy, but keep a regular line of dry-goods. We do a pretty good business here, and are well satisfied thus far. Our store is about the size of Frank's, at Lewistown, if not larger, and all filled with goods—no clothing, no notions, no boots, shoes, hats or caps. I would advise you, Mr. Kurtz, to pay the old country a visit once; we would do our utmost to show you around; you certainly would be pleased with it;—plenty of good Rhine wine to drink, with lager beer and pretzels. Brother Abe and I enjoy excellent health. Bro. Abe got engaged to a fine young lady, and will be married in about three months. If you wish to attend a German wedding, come out, you and family would be welcome.

We're it not so very far to Centre Hall, we would send you our advertisement; but as it is, we have to patronize our friends over here. How are all the rest of our Centre county friends? I often think back at the pleasent times I had at Milroy, when the folks from your side would come in and spend their time at our store. I trust they still patronize our successor, Mr. Jacob Krise, as he really deserves it. I trust the people who have dealt with us have no complaints whatever on that account. I think we always did what was right, although our opposition did all in their power to hurt us. The last sale I made, I believe was to Col., now Judge Love, of the Loop. I felt sorry to leave all those friends behind, and send my best regards to all through the Reporter. As I take a great interest in matters over there, be kind enough to favor us the Reporter for the enclosed amount.

The weather here is very warm now. I see from the papers out here, that you had from 98 to 99 degrees. There are many Americans on a visit here now, and going to our fine watering places.

Since the war with France is over, we have higher prices in all kinds of goods—everything went up. Properties here, which could have been bought, five or six years ago for $10,000 went for $30,000 a week ago. The place we live in has from 15 to 20,000 inhabitants; ten or twelve factories of Bessamer steel, iron, nails, ropes, &c.,

On Sundays it is open here all day. People from the country come in on Sundays and buy their goods. Our building is three stories high and in every room there are people buying goods. Have three salesmen besides ourselves, and two salesladies, busy all day. Not a day passes but what we sell from 3 to 400 florins worth of goods, and we have to trust out a good bit, nevertheless we don't loose anything, they are all good.

What do you think about the presidential election; I think Grant will be beaten. I always did like the Reporter, it always spoke its opinion so freely, and fearlessly. Those are the kind of papers we should have over here.

Yours truly,
HIRSCH.

Honest Men, Read!

What the Republicans Say of the Evans Ring Candidate for Governor.

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction with the Republican State ticket, viz; Hartranft, by his connection with the Evans swindle, and Allen, Because of his votes for the nine Million steal.—Lancaster Volksfreund.

We regret that as long as Auditor General Hartranft was on the stand before the Evans Investigating Committee he did not tell all he knew concerning the affair.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Your committee have not language sufficiently strong to express their disapprobation of so bold an outrage, or fitting terms in which to characterize those in official position who seek to palliate or excuse the Wrong.—Hon. Jas. Graham.

If they are not disproved [charges against Hartranft] they will be accepted as true by the people. It will not do to make Hartranft our candidate.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

They cannot but express their disapprobation of the looseness of official routine that places in the hands of Evans over a million of dollars of valuable assets without requiring from him any security what ever.—Hon. Harry White.

Evans collected $184,168.34 and retained the whole. State officials knew this fact for three years before it became public, and the neglect to report the transaction to the legislature is regarded by us as a gross dereliction of official duty.—Hon. D. N. White.

"For some years past I have been acquainted with J. F. Hartranft, Auditor General of the State of Pennsylvania. I have at various times purchased and sold stocks of different kinds, and carried the same, with money belonging to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which the same J. H. Hartranft han caused to be deposited with this deponent by the State Treasurer." The same witness further declared under oath; "That this deponent did pay to J. F. Hartranft, Auditor General, on the 10th of December, 1870, the sum of $2,700, which sum was derived from profits on purchases of loss an of the Commonwealth and sale of the same to the Sinking Fund, which sale was made on the 28th of April, 1870. That said deponent has also paid to said J. F. Hartranft, various amounts of money for profits arising from stock speculations with money deposited with this deponent by the State Treasurer at the instance of the said Hartranft."—Affidavit of Chas. J. Yerkes.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

Principals are responsible for the acts of agents.

HORACE GREELEY IN MAINE.

His Speech at Portland.

What "Bargains" He has Made—Not an Office Promised; Not a Pledge Asked.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is certainly true that throughout the course of my life, as far as I have been connected with public affairs, I have struggled, with such capacity as God has given me, for, first, impartial and universal liberty; second, for the unity and greatness of our common country; third, and by no means least, when the former end was attained, for early and hearty reconciliation and peace among our countrymen. For these great ends I have struggled, and I hope the issue of the third is not doubtful.

I thoroughly comprehend that no personal consideration has drawn together this vast assembly. Other, higher, and grander considerations have collected you around me to-day. [Cheers.] Mr. Chairman, it is a part of the unwritten law of our country that a candidate for President may not make speeches in vindication and commendation of the principles whereupon he is supported, nor the measures which his election is intended to promote, though a candidate for Vice-President is under no such inhibition. I do not merely acquiesce in the restriction, I recognize and affirm its propriety. The temptation to misreport and misrepresent a candidate for the higher post is so great, the means of circulating such perversions among people who will never see a word of their refutation are so vast, that a candidate has no moral right to subject his friends to the perils he must brave, if not invite, by taking a part in the canvass. [Cheers.] But there is a truth to be uttered in behalf of those who have placed me before the American people in my present attitude, which does them such honor that I claim the privilege of stating it here and now.

No Offices Promised to Any One.

This is that truth: No person has ever made the fact that he proposed to support, or actually did support my nomination, whether at Cincinnati, at Baltimore, or in the action which resulted in sending delegates to either Conventions, the basis of a claim to office at my hand. No one who favored my nomination before either Convention, or at either Convention, has sought office at my hands either for himself or any one else; nor has any one suggested to me that I might strengthen myself as a candidate by promising to appoint any one to any important office whatever. [Loud cheers.] In a very few instances—less than a dozen, I am sure—certain of the smaller fry of politicians have, since my double nomination, hinted to me by letter that I might increase my chance of election by promising a post-office or some other place to my volunteer correspondents respectively. I have not usually responded to these overtures, but I now give a general notice that, should I be elected, I will consider the claims of these untimely aspirants after those of the more modest and reticent shall have been fully satisfied. [Loud Cheers.]

In two or three instances I have been asked to say whether I would or would not, if elected, confine my appointments to Republicans. I answer these by pointing to that plank of the Cincinnati platform wherein all who concur in the principles therein set forth are cordially invited to participate in their establishment and vindication. I never yet heard of a man who invited his neighbors to help him raise a house, and proceeded to kick them out of it so soon as the roof was fairly over his head. For my own part, I recognize every honest man who approves and adheres to the Cincinnati platform as my political brother, and as such fully entitled to my confidence and friendly regard.

No Pledge to the South Save his Record on Amnesty.

One other points demands a word. Those adverse to me ask what pledges I have given to those lately hostile to the Union to secure their favor and support. I answer: No man or woman in all the South ever asked of me, either directly or through another, any other pledge than is given in all my acts and words from the hour of Lee's surrender down to this moment. No Southern man has ever hinted to me an expectation, hope, or wish that the Rebel debt, whether Confederate or State, should be assumed or paid by the Union; and no Southern man who could be elected to a Legislature or made colonel of a militia regiment ever suggested the pensioning of Rebel soldiers or any of them, even as a remote possibility. All who nominated me were perfectly aware that I had upheld and justified Federal legislation to suppress the Ku-Klux conspiracy and outrages; though I had long ago insisted, as strenuously as I now do, that complete amnesty and genuine oblivion of the bloody, hateful past would do more for the suppression and utter extinction of such outrages than all the force bills and suspicions of habeas corpus ever devised by man. Wrong and crime must be suppressed and punished, but far wiser and nobler is the legislation, the policy, by which they are prevented. [Loud cheering.]

From those who support me in the South I have heard but one demand—Jutice; one desire—Reconciliation. They wish to be heartily reunited and at peace with the North, on any terms which do not involve a surrender of their manhood. They ask that they shall be regarded and treated by the federal authorities as citizens, not culprits, so long as they obey and uphold every law consistent with equity and right. They desire a rule which, alike for white and black, shall encourage industry and thrift, and discourage rapactity and villainy. They cherish a joyful hope, in which I fully concur, that between the 5th of November and the 4th of March next quite a number of the Governors and other dignitaries who, in the abused names of Republicanism and loyalty, have for years been piling debts and taxes upon their war-wasted States will follow the wholesome example of Bullock of Georgia, and seek the shades of private life. The darker and denser those shades the better for themselves and for mankind. And the hope that my election may hasten this much desired hegira of the thieving carpet-baggers, has reconciled to the necessity of supporting me many who would otherwise have hesitated and probably refused. [Loud cheering.]

The National Verdict for Reform.

Fellow Citizens: The deposed and partially exiled Tammany Ring has stolen about $30,000,000 from the City of New York. That was a most gigantic robbery, and hurled its contrivers and abettors from power and splendor to impotency and infamy; but the thieving carpet-baggers have stolen at least thrice this amount—stolen it from the already impoverished and needy, and they still flaunt their prosperous villainy in the high places of the land, and are addressed as Honorable and Excellency. I think I hear a voice from the honest people of all the States declaring that this iniquity shall be gainful and insolent no longer, at farthest, than to the 4th of March next. By that time these criminals will have heard a national verdict pronounced that will cause them to fold their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away, and that I trust will be the end of their stealing at the cost of the good name of our country and the well-being of her people. [Loud and long continued cheering.]

The following letter belongs to chapter 1, of the Hartranft-Evans swindle:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT OF PENN'A, HARRISBURG, March, 1867.

"MY DEAR TITIAN: Allow me to introduce to you my particular friend, Mr. Geo. O. Evans. He has a claim of some magnitude that he wishes you to help him in. Put him through as you would me. He understands addition, division and silence. Yours, W. H. KEMBLE,
To Titian J. Coffey, Esq., Washington.

The Holcombe Report—What Forney Says About It.

Judge Black and Buckalew sent by Stanton. The last Prop.

The editor of the Phil. Press, who was Secretary to the Senate at the time and conversation with the facts makes the following statement:—

The report of Prof. Holcombe, one of the so-called Confederate Peace Commissioners, dated November 16, 1864, which has been given to the press from the rebel archives recently purchased, containes but little information not already known, and is devoted mainly to an explanation and defence of the commissioners in their proceedings. But one statement in this report invites to the statement of an additional fact, of which we happen to have knowledge.

Holcombe speaks in his report of interviews he had at Niagara Falls with Gov. Hunt, of New York, and a number of other gentlemen, including Judge Black and Mr. Buckalew, of Pennsylvania, but does not state the fact that Judge Black's communication with him, with which Mr. Buckalew was casually connected, was upon the express request of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and with a full understanding between him and Mr. Stanton with reference to its objects. This was the truth, the Judge writing to Mr. Stanton the result of his visit immediately after it took place. His communication to Mr. Stanton can doubtless be found among the records of the War Department unless retained by the latter among his confidential papers.

The Pickett Confederate Archives—An Expression from Jefferson Davis.

The New Orleans Picayune of July 26, says:

Our special correspondent at Washington city has telegraphed the Picayune that in the so-called Confederate official archieves, lately purchased by the government from Colonel Pickett (who claims to have been in the Confederate Diplomatic Service), there is a letter alleged to be from Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, to HON. J. B. Benjamin, which the Washington specials to the Northern press have represented as showing that Thompson was the regular authorized agent of the Confederacy with Clay, Holcombe and Sanders as associates to procure the burning of New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Cincinnati, and to organize a counter revolution at the North. Hence the St. Albans raid. Our Washington correspondent claims to know personally that these statements are false in many respects, as he was cognizant of the operations of the Confederate agents in Canada, and he charges that the "specials" have not even given the contents of this alleged letter as published on the 24th, as a campaign document by the Grant and Wilson National Committee. We were informed a couple of days since, on the best authority, that Hon. Jefferson Davis has spoken to a friend about these Picketts "Confederate archives." Mr. Davis desires the publication of these pretended documents. He is not afraid for any document to which he and his Cabinet gave their assent, to be placed before the world. He says no such plan ever went from the Confederate executive office, or from any officer in charge of a department of the Confederate government.

It would be well if the leading Republican journals would decide upon some consistent mode of opposition to Greeley. They warn their friends not to touch him, that he is not a Republican and when elected would be as wicked as the most ultra Democrat in the land. Democrats are appealed to by these journals not to vote for Horace because he has not changed his spots and is only a wolf in sheep's clothing. They find the ground slipping from under their feet and scream for help in double G.

Hartranft, the man who only "borrowed" those seven thousand dollars from his friend Evans, was in Washington the other day hunting up Government positions for his friends, by which he hopes to advance his prospects. He may as well save himself the trouble as the people will not make a Governor of a man who is the tool of a ring and whose skirts are tainted—a man who has done his utmost to shield the thievs who robbed them.

Cameron Matches Tweed,

A Five Million Placer in Pennsylvania—Grant's Friends—Tammany Ring Tactics to Help Hartranft.

[Special correspondence of the World.]

EASTON, Penn,. August 14, 1872.—Reliable information has been received that a fund of $5,000,000 has been put to the service of the Administration in this State. Simon Cameron himself pays $1,000,000. The election of Buckalew here in October would be fatal to the success of Grant in November. Desperate extremities must be resorted to, and they are at hand. It is notorious that the City of Philadelphia has at any time since the war been Democratic on a fair count; but the Registry law of that city, passed by a Radical Legislature in the interest of the ring, has made an honest vote impossible, where the Board of Aldermen is obliged to appoint a Democrat, either for registration, or in the election board they select their man, and pay him for keeping his eyes shut. Cameron has already made his own ticket in Philadelphia. W. B. Mann, in the meeting of the State Central Committee, called for the purpose of nominating another candidate for Governor, and throwing Hartranft over to appease the wrath of the whole, declared that the city would give 15,000 Republican majority, and he knows how it can be done. So do we, though we remain powerless to prevent it.

The Postmaster of this place has been authorized to draw upon the funds for $5,000, to wager upon the success of Hartranft. This is a good game of bluff, and they play it well. Cameron's experience in buying votes, and fraudulently counting others unpurchasable, places his intention, if not his ability, beyond reason for denial. As such is the game, let Pennsylvania be ready.

Grant's hangers-on, after spending a vast sum of money to prevent the democrats endorsing Greeley, now, since they found so few that would be bought to stick for a straight-out ticket, are making up a purse of five million dollars; to carry Pennsylvania. In another column we copy a disclosure made by a World correspondent, showing how Cameron is working with his gold. Simon himself has given 1 million to this fund, in order to defeat Buckalew and Greeley.

GREELEY and BROWN CLUBS ATTENTION.

A beautiful oil chromo of Hon. HORACE GREELEY, the finest and only oil chromo of this distinguished statesman published. They are just the thing for transparencies, as you get a much better likeness, and at less cost than painting. Will frame 12x15 inches, and make an elegant picture for the parlor. Sent by mail postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents; three, for $1 60; six for $2 50; twelve for $4 00. Send orders upon to

URBEN & BRO.,
401 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

WARREN'S PATENT COOKER

For sale by
apr.29 tf. WM. J. M'MANIGAL.

STEAM SEPARATOR and Shingle Mill for Sale.—The undersigned offers his 10-horse power steam engine and Geyser soperator, and 8-horse power engine and shingle mill, for sale. These machines have only been run two years and are in good order. Terms easy. The undersigned will accompany the purchaser, if desired, to instruct in the use of the same. Apply to

GEO. REESER,
Aaronsburg, Pa.
july26.4t

PUMPS!
Wooden Pumps,
AND
PIPING.

The undersigned would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Centre county, and Pennsvalley in particular, to the fact that he is manufacturing

THE BEST PUMP,

made at home or elsewhere. He uses none but the best material, HE WARRENTS THEM to give satisfaction, as being the most lasting and durable, SUPERIOR TO THE OLD wooden pump, being arranged to let the water off and prevent freezing in winter.

Pine, poplar or cucumber pumps always on hand. His matirial for pumps is all sawed from large timber, and are thus Secured against Checking or Cracking.

All orders by mail promptly filled. PIPING, made of the best material, of five inch scantling, joined together with coupling blocks, thoroughly banded, and warranted to stand any pressure required for ordinary use. Prices of piping range from 12 to 18 cents per foot. Send orders to
sept.30.1y J. TELLER,
Milesburg, Pa.

Carriage
MANUFACTORY

Centre Hall, Pa.
GEO. B. HARPSTER

Has on had and for sale at the most reasonable rates a splendid stock of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

and every description of Wagons both

PLAIN AND FANCY

warranted to be made of the best and most durable materials, and by the most experienced workmen. All work sent out from the establishment will be found to be of the highest class and sure to give perfect satisfaction. He will also have a fine assortment of

SLEIGHS

of all the newest and most fashionable styles well and carefully made and of the best materials.

An inspection of his work is asked as it is believed that none superior can be found in the country. aug26.tf.

NEW HARDWARE STORE!
J. & J. HARRIS.
NO. 5, BROCKERHOFF ROW

A new and complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Brockerhoff's new building—where they are prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails.

Buggy wheels in sets, Champion Clothes Wringer, Mill Saws, Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Ice Cream Freezers, Bath Tubs, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate of all sizes, Picture Frames, Wheelbarrows, Lamps, Coal Oil Lamps, Belting, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, Plows, Cultivators, Corn Plows, Plow Points, Shear Mold Boards and Cultivator Teeth, Table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails Norway Rods, Oils, Lard, Lubricating, Coal, Linseed, Tanners, Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Screw Plates, Blacksmiths Tools, Factory Bells, House Bells, Dinner Bells, Gong Bells, Tea Bells, Grindstones, Carpenter Tools, Fruit Jars and Cans, Paints, Oils, Varnishes received and for sale at
june5'68,1y. J. & J. HARRIS.

FURNITURE!
Grand Opening
FOR 1872.
AT
JOHN CAMP'S
MILROY,

where he has opened with a very large stock of the latest styles, both fancy and common

Parlor, Chamber and Kitchen Furniture.

CHAIRS,
of all kinds.

All kinds of repairing done with neatness and dispatch having four good workmen at the bench. I am prepared to do all kinds of custom work, fine or common.

Thankful for past favors, I hope by strict attention to business you and everybody else will show smiling faces at my new ware rooms.

JOHN CAMP.
jan12.tf.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
Allegheney Street, Bellefonte, Pa.
D. JOHNSON & SONS, Proprietors.
A FIRST CLASS HOTEL, COMFORTABLE ROOMS
PROMPT ATTENDANCE.
ALL THE MODERN CONVENIENCES—AND REASONABLE Charges.

The proprietors offer to the traveling public, and to their country friends, first class accommodations and careful attention to the wants of guests at all times, at fair rates. Careful hostlers and good stabling for horses. An excellent table well served. A Bar supplied with fine liquors. Servants well trained and everything requisite in a first class Hotel. Our location in the business part of the town, near the Post Office, the Court House, the Churches, the Banks, and the principal places of business, renders it the most eligible place for those who visit Bellefonte on business or pleasure.

An Omnibus will carry passengers and baggage to and from all trains free of charge.

New Clothing Store
A. STERNBERG,

engaged to manage for I. L. Reizenstein, in the corner building, opposite Hoffer's store, Bellefonte, has established a new Clothing Store, where the best bargains in the county are offered.

$7.50 to $15 for Suits of the finest Cassimere.
HATS, CAPS

and a full and complete assortment of every thing in the line of Clothing.

Gent's Furnishing Goods

all directly from their own manufactory. Also.

Jewelry, Watches, &c.

They have engaged their old clerk, Mr. A. Sternberg, so well known to the people, and who will be pleased to see his old friends

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRIDAY Aug 16., 1872.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week: by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

A first class male teacher can learn of a good situation for the winter term, by applying at this office.

Bill Wilson's turnpike through this town is a rough road to travel. If he don't believe it, let him drive through our streets, one time, on a trot, and if it don't shake the insides out of him, why then———we'll say its rough anyhow.

For a good instrument, get a Ryder organ. They are sold for less money than any other.

Jasper Wolf, of Vinton, Iowa, paid our sanctum a visit, on last Thursday. Jasp. looks hearty, and is on a visit to his friends, at his old home at Wolf's store.

Seth Benner, formerly of our county, has been nominated for sheriff by the democrats of Mifflin county.

The Boalsburg and Centre Hall base-ball clubs played against each other on last Saturday. The club of this town came off victorious, though the Boalsburgers made it pretty warm for them. Scores standing 34 to 37, at the seventh inning.

"Vidas" your article will appear in our next. Too late for this issue.

Rev. Ed. Wolf and family, of Baltimore, are spending a week here on a visit to their friends.

Good.--We like a joke—and are told that in some places at the recent delegate elections, when some men refused to vote for P. G. Meek for cons. delegate because he had already received an over-share of office; these persons were assured it was not that fellow but only a relation of same name. Sharp, but bad politics.

A party of Bellefonte pic-nicers which had booked themselves for a pleasant time, on the mountain above our town, on Wednesday of last week, were unfortunate enough to have a heavy shower let down upon them. Their conveyances were all open, and the best they could do was to start for Centre Hall, amid the pattering of the rain, which came in torrents—drops like five-franc pieces, only did not have the same jingle. They reached our town wet as cats; the ladies with skirts collapsed and wringing wet, but jolly as you please, seemed to just enjoy it that way, it was equal to a plunge at Cape May. A change of dress was soon gathered up, the wet ones were hung around stoves, and the shower having passed over, the party proceeded to the beautiful yard in the rear of our office, and planted their croquet sets, and had a good time after all. There must have been some pretty girls in the crowd, for our devils were much agitated all the time, and put on a countenance that seemed to say they'd like to mix in, as they stole an occasional peep from the back windows. As we are married, of course such trifles did not attract our attention—of course not.

The American Artisan, an illustrapaper, devoted to popular science, art, mechanics, engineering, chemistry, inventions and patents, published weekly in New York, at $2.00 per annum, in advance, has been recently enlarged and otherwise improved. It is the cheapest work of its kind now published.

The "EXCELSIOR SOCIETY," (gentlemen,) of the Centre Co., Normal, will give a public literary entertainment and paper reading, on Thursday evening, Aug. 22nd. The ladies' society, "Eureka," will give a similar entertainment one week later, Aug. 29th. The public are invited to attend.

HORRIBLE.—A letter received here by Henry Witmer, from D. Witmer, Juda, Green county, Wis., dated Aug. 4th, says: A serious accident happened about 3 miles from our place. A young man was running a reaper, got off to oil it, when the horses started, and the large wheel went over his breast. He jumped up and ran to catch the team, and approaching the horses on one side, was in the act of taking hold of them, when they started anew, he was struck by the reel, and got down in front of the sickle, and was almost cut to pieces. His left arm was cut off below the elbow, and the right arm partly cut off. From the navel all was cut away to the entrails; part of his liver was cut out and left in the field. The reaper, it appears, got over the boy, and in this condition he got up and gathered up his entrails, held them with his crippled right arm, and ran some 40 or 50 yards. This was about 5 o'clock, p. m., and he lived until next morning. He was about 18 years of age.

RATTLESNAKES.—On the 1st inst., Mrs. Joseph Heaps of Queen's Run, Clinton county, was bitten by a rattlesnake. Medical assistance was called to hand immediately, thus preventing serious results. The next morning as the workmen entered the fire-brick moulding room, a large rattlesnake was found coiled upon on the moulding table. The "varmint" was dispatched instantly.

The Sabbath school pic-nic, on last Saturday, went off finely. The day was pleasant, and the heat not so excessive, the previous rains having cooled and freshened the air. At 10, the school started in procession to the grove, with two large flags, one large banner, and each class having a small banner with mottoes inscribed, all trimmed with evergreen. Arrived at the grove the appropriate exercises were gone through with. Rev. Ed. Wolf, of Baltimore, addressed the school in his happy style. At this stage the Boalsburg Brass Band, which accompanied the base-ball club from that town, made its appearance, and were invited to remain which they at once kindly agreed to, and discoursed excellent music for the occasion, such as Boalsburg always was noted for, thus adding greatly to the pleasures of the day.

After the address all proceeded to the large table, nearly 125 feet in length, and partook of the good things provided. The afternoon was then given over entirely to the children, to engage in such games as might amuse them. In one spot the swings were busy, in another croquet, in an adjoining field the Boalsburg and Centre Hall base-ball clubs were trying to excell each other, while here and there in the grove, groups of children made the air merry with their frolicking plays. All passed off satisfactorily.

Buckalew & Clymer to Speak.

Maj. Forster, chairman of Dem. Co. Com., writes us, that he has received a letter, informing him that both Buckalew and Clymer, would address the democratic meeting, in the court-house, Bellefonte, on Tuesday evening, next. Democrats, Republicans and all, turn out and hear these pure and able men.

CONCERT BY THE BLIND.—Messrs. G. U. Reybold, violinist, J. D. Righter, pianist, and B. Parvin, the celebrated vocalist, of Philadelphia, (all graduates of the Penn'a Institution for the Blind,) will give concerts of Vocal and Instrumental music at the places mentioned below. Mr. Parvin, the celebrated vocalist, has received the plaudits of immense audiences in Philadelphia, and has repeatedly appeared before our state legislature, where his performances elicited the highest praise. The blind are worthy the public patronage, alone on account of the high degree of proficiency they show it is possible for such unfortunates to attain. Concerts will be given at the following places:

Pine Grove Aug. 27th.—Boalsburg 28th.—Centre Hall 29th.—Potters Bank 30th.—Penn Hall 31st.—Millheim, Sept. 2d and 3rd.—Aaronsburg 4th.—Rebersburg 5th.—Madisonburg 6th.

LECTURE.—Rev. D. M. Wolf, of Bellefonte, lectured before the Normal, on last Tuesday evening. There was a crowded house. The speaker chose a subject, which he said was new; one which he never saw referred to in our educational works, and yet it was of such great importance, "Faith, as an Element in Education." The subject is a profound one, and was treated in a scholarly manner by the speaker; a subject of such depth cannot be embraced in a synoptical compass, and as time and space do not permit us to lay before our readers a report in extenso, of the powerful reasoning with which Mr. Wolf developed his theme, our readers must be content with this meagre mention of it. Mr. Wolf is a sound reasoner, ripe scholar, and is always listened to profitably.

The oats crop, in this valley, has been greatly damaged by the heavy showers that we have had every day, almost for over a week. But for these rains, the crop would have been one of the largest we have had in this county. Much of it has been upon the shock, some upon the swath, and some still remaining uncut. We hear much complaint of rotting upon the shock and swath, and it has become so brittle by long exposure to the elements that much is lost by shelling in the attempt to haul it in.

N. L. Atwood, esq, will deliver the next lecture before the Normal Institute, on Tuesday evening next, 27th.

The wheather is still very warm, and thunder showers have not yet ceased to be the order of the day.

{Advertisement.}

Centre Hall Aug. 12 1872.

Mr. Fred Kurtz, Dear sir: In reply to the advertisement in last weeks Reporter by Dr. Hillbish, I would say, that I can substantiate the assertions I made, viz: That Liquor was gotten from Spangler, and part of it distributed among persons on the way from Centre Hall to Rebersburg: also, these remarks were made: "This is Spangler whiskey. Good peach whiskey." And every drink is to bring him a vote." And then should be taken to Dr. H., where it was left, or taken to a public place in the town of R., where all that wished might drink. As for the cheapness of the Democracy of Miles, a certain man from R., remarked in C. H., that he and the Dr. could give the delegates of Miles to whatever candidate they pleased. O, what influence. Only one or two gallons of whiskey, which the Dr., admits getting, and Spangler says he sent him a half gallon in addition to what was ordered, and the thing was done. Yours truly,

ALEX. SHANNON,

DISSOLUTION.—Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between H. D. Van Pelt and S. S. Wolt, trading under the name and firm of H. D. Van Pelt & Co., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The books and accounts of the late firm belong to H. D. Van Pelt & S. D. Musser, who will continue the business, and pay all debts of the late firm. H. D. VAN PELT.

August 1st, 1872, S. S. WOLF.

HEIR'S SALE OF

Real Estae.

Will be exposed to public Sale, on the premises, in Gregg twp., Centre county, on Saturday, September 14th 1872, at 2 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, late of Elizabeth Neese, dec'd., to wit: A VALUABLE FARM and tract of land, situated in said twp., on the public road leading from the forks to Spring Mills, bounded by lands of J. B. Heckman, J. Gentzel, P. Shook and others, containing 229 acres and 185 perches, of which 150 acres are clear and under good cultivation, with good fences; thereon erected TWO MANSION HOUSES, BANK BARN 100 feet long, and all other necessary outbuildings. There is a never-failing spring at the door, and a LARGE ORCHARD of choice fruit on the premises.

TERMS.—Five hundred dollars on confirmation of sale, and one half of the remainder on the 1st of April, next, and the balance in one year thereafter, with interest, to be secured by Bond and Mortgage upon the premises.

PETER NEESE, CATHERINE GENTZEL,
WM W NEESE, JAMES NEESE,
aug22. Heirs.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.

The examinations not already past, will be held as follows; commencing at 9 o'clock a. m., at which time the Secretary will be expected to have the class organized and in readiness, so as to cause no delay. Applicants for schools will be required to attend the examination in the district where they expect to teach, unless they procure a written request to the contrary from the proper board of directors. All should be provided with paper, pen and ink.

Howard Boro—Saturday, Aug. 31.
Harris—Boalsburg, Saturday, Sept. 7
Gregg—Penn Hall, Wednesday, 11,
Penn—Millheim—Thursday, Sept. 12
Haines—Aaronsburg, Friday, 13
Miles—Rebersburg, Saturday, 14
Potter—Centre Hall, Wednesday and Thursday, 18th and 19
Ferguson—Pine Grove Mills, Wednesday, 25
Halfmoon—Stormstown, Thursday, 26
Patton—Waddle's school-house, Friday 27th
Benner—Armagast's school-house, Saturday, 28th
Snow Shoe and Burnside—Askey's school-house, Monday, 30th 1 p. m.,
Walker—Hublersburg, Friday, Oct. 4
Marion—Jacksonville, Saturday, 5
Spring—Valentine's school-house, Monday, 7
Taylor & Worth—Port Matilda, Wednesday, 9
Huston—Julian Furnace, Thursday, 10
Union—Unionville, Friday, 11.
Milesburg and Boggs—Milesburg, Monday, 14.
Howard and Curtin—Howard, Tuesday 15.
Liberty—Eagleville, Wednesday, 16th.

Persons intending to teach will please not ask for private examinations.

R. M. MAGEE,
Centre Hall, Aug. 24. County Supt.

NOTICE.—There will be an examination of applicants for Permanent certificates at Centre Hall, on Saturday, Aug. 31.

Persons desiring to apply for certificates will please inform some member of the committee (H. Meyer, Centre Hall, J. H. Zeigler, Rebersburg) some time before the day of examination. They will please come prepared with the necessary recommendations.

10,000 AGENTS WANTED.

for our great

POLITICAL CAMPAIGN Chart.

The most attractive and salable thing out. It is indispensable to men of all parties, furnishing just the facts and figures needed, for every day reference, by every intelligent voter. Agents are selling from 15 to 30 a day

The most liberal terms. Send for circulars. Address

DUFFIELD ASHMEAD, Publisher,
711 Sansom Street,
Philadelphia.

A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.

Ravages of an Escaped Rhinoceros.

It Kills Two Men, Destroyes a Museum, and Does Other Damage.

CHICAGO, Aug. 16.—A letter from Red Bird, a small town in Monroe county, Ill., gives a thrilling account of the escape from its keepers of the rhinoceros belonging to Warner & Co.'s menagerie and circus on the occasion of its being brought into the ring for the first time. The showmen had prepared the animal for exhibition by attaching to a ring in its nose two strong wire ropes, and twenty-four men were deemed sufficient to control the beast. It submitted quietly to being led from the cage, but on entering the arena suddenly threw up its head and, plunging madly to the right and left, broke loose from the men and dashed forward through the tents. Its first victim was John Gillem, a canvasman who was knocked down, and, the beast trampling upon his breast, he was killed instantly.

It next ran its nose against Martin Ready another canvasman, striking him in the stomach, ripping out his bowels, and killing him on the spot. It then made a dash in the direction of the seats, which by this time were cleared by the frightened spectators, and knocked down nearly all of the seats on one side of the tent dislocating the shoulder of one of the employees and breaking the arm of a spectator. Running next into the menagerie tent, it upset Mr. Forepaugh's den of performing animals, after which it struck the centre-pole with its head, bringing it down, with a crash upon the cages of the tiger and leopard, but not breaking them so as to allow the animals to escape. Dashing into the museum tent, it broke all the curiosities, frightened all the people in the neighborhood, and rushed out through the canvas into the street, finally stopping in a vacant house, the door of which stood open. Here the men succeeded in capturing the animal and getting it into a cage. The damage to the show was about $3,000,

Sumner on the Situation.

Ex-Senator James J. Stewart has written a letter about his visit to the politicians in Washington. He used to be a straight republican, but now goes for Greeley. What he says is of interest, and this is a part of his letter:

"The administration forces in Washington are fearfully demoralized. Cameron was over last week, and is in great distress over the Pennsylvania situation, having endeavored, as I know, to invoke the services of a good friend of mine for a recouciliation with Forney. He was told "It is too late." Robeson, also, puffing in distress, asked what could be done in heaven's name to save Pennsylvania, and was told 'Nothing.' They are at their wits' end about Pennsylvania, and have lost head as completely as they did about consequential damages. What will they do when Governor Curtin arrives, as he will shortly, and takes the stump for Greeley and Brown? Colonel M'Clure assures me this is a fact.

"I mentioned it to Mr. Sumner in an interview I had with him on Friday, and he exclaimed, 'That settles the question.' I had a long and free interchange of opinion with Mr. Sumner, being an old friend, and I think succeeded in removing some embarrassments he expressed as to coming forward.

HO! HO! All ye who need Boots, Shoes, Sole Leather, Calf Skins, or Shoe Findings, remember, that GRAHAM & SON, next door to Keller's store, Bellefonte, have just received a splendid lot of fall goods, and are determined to offer the best bargains in the county. Country people are invited to call and examine their stock and satisfy themselves that they sell boots, shoes, &c., cheaper than any other establishment.

THE MORMON WIFE, a Life Story of the Sacrifices, Sorrows and Sufferings of Woman—a Narrative of many years personal experience, by the Wife of a Mormon Elder, recently from Utah:

This is a very interesting work, and will pay a perusal; it is finely illustrated, and gives one an insight of Mormon life, its crimes, &c, The author being a lady who writes from experience, the wife of a Mormon elder, gives the work additional interest. We think this book better than any of its kind heretofore published, and it will find a large sale. Mr. Miles A Kemp, of Centre Hill has the agency for this very interesting work, and will canvass for subscribers.

DEATHS

On the evening of the 13th inst., in New Albany, Ind., after a most severe and lingering illness, Kittie M., wife of Albert B. Hanna, of Lock Haven, Pa., and only daughter of George and Susan Kline, formerly of Boalsburg,, Pa. Aged 20 years, 8 months and 6 days.

August Court.

Grand Jurors—4th Monday.

Boggs—James Zimmerman.
Bellefonte—Geo. W. Jackson, John L. Given.
Ferguson—David Fye, Sidney Sholl.
Gregg—George Buchanan, Levi Stump, John Coldren.
Huston—George W. Miles.
Haines—Charles Hosterman, Samuel Yearick.
Marion—Michael Corman.
Miles—Peter S. Bierly.
Potter—D. J. Decker, R. A. Porter, W. Henny.
Rush—D. W. Holt.
Spring—Charles Eckenroth.
Taylor—Wm. Laughlin, John Weaver, Jr.
Union—John G. Hall.
Walker—John Decker, Philip Walters, John Rodgers.

Traverse Jurors.

Boggs—James Curtin.
Bellefonte—S A M'Quistian, John Harper, S A Brew, Jno I Rankin, W F Reynolds, Jno Powers, S D Musser.
Benner—Wm Irvin, J C Williams.
Gregg—J H Fisher, J Alters, Daniel Bartges, Wm Alexander.
Harris—Sam'l Wasson, C Fisher, Dan'l Kimport, G E Wasson, Charles Stemm.
Huston—Wm Johnston, David Parsons.
Haines—J Winklebleck.
Halfmoon—J M Gray.
Ferguson—P Louk, J Gardner, J G Hess, Geo Weaver, D G Mesk, G Bailey, J Krumrine.
Liberty—Daniel Pletcher.
Miles—J Haines.
Milesburg—C K Essington.
Patton—G W Tate, G B Bumberger, P E Sellers.
Potter—Dan'l Durst, Wm Boal.
Penn—D Miller, B F Frankenberger, A Zerbe, J Sanders, H G Smith, J Saxley J Meyer.
Rush—J Collins, C Cone.
Snow Shoe—R H Rosch.
Taylor—Stephen H McManigal.
Union—David Campbell.
Spring—J Miller, J Ross, H Eckenroth, J Bilger, R Brooks.
Walker—Henry Snavely, H Mitchell, J Garner.
Worth—Wm Lewis, O O Whippo.

PLOWS!—The Undersigned have now on hand a lot of the celebrated WALLACE PLOWS. Persons wishing Plows will do well to call and see them before purchasing other Plows.

SMITH & LEITZEL,
aug16 Potters' Mills, Pa.

MERCHANTS TAKE NOTICE.

The merchents of Penn and Brush valleies are hereby notified that a meeting will be held at Centre Hall, on Friday, Aug. 23rd, at 2 p. m., for the purpose of consulting upon business matters of importance to all merchants. A full attendance is requested.

MANY MERCHANTS.

The acts of one partner in the firm bind all others.

An agreement without any consideration is void.

Sheriff Sales.

By virtue of Sundry writs of Fieri Facias Levari Facias and venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Bellefonte on Thursday the 22nd day of August 1872, the following property, viz:

All that certain house, store room, and lot of ground situated in the town of Millheim, Penn twp., bounded on the north by turnpike, on east by John H. Stover, formerly known as the property of Jacob Bolinger, of Hollidaysburg Pa. Being part of the premises conveyed by D. A. Musser and wife to the said G. Swartz, on south by mill race, west by public road, thereon erected a house and outbildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of George M. Swartz.

ALSO

A certain lot of ground situated in Central City, Centre county, bounded on the south by public road leading from Milesburg to Unionville, east by Hall street, north by an alley and west by lot of Halls heirs, containing one fourth of an acre, more or less, thereon erected a two story frame house and outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John A. Whitehill.

ALSO

All those four certain lots of ground situated in the addition to the borough of Milesburg known as Central city, bounded on the south by the turnpike road, west by Spring street, thence 190 feet to Iddings street, thence along a 20 foot alley parallel with the turnpike to lot now owned by Jonathan Folk being lots known in the plan of Central city lots No. 6, 7, 8, and 9, having thereon erected a large two story frame Hotel, basement saloon, kitchen, wash-house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution to be sold as the property of Martin Dolan.

ALSO

All the right title and interest of defendant in and to all that certain tract of land, situated in Boggs twp., beginning at a post at public road thence north 42 deg., east 46 per., to a post, thence south 65 deg., west 18 per., to a post, thence along land of McCoy and Linn to stone north 77 deg., east 44 per., thence along land of Anthony Baney north 5 deg., west 90 per., to stone, thence south 77 deg., west 58 per., to stone, thence south 10 deg., along land of McCoy & Linn to post, thence along land of John Curry, south 5 deg., east 58 per., to an oak, thence north 77 deg., east 4 per., to place of Beginning, containing 50 acres, and about 30 acres cleared, thereon erected a plank house and stable and other out buildings. Seized, taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of J. F. Strong.

ALSO

All that two and a half story frame house and lot or piece of ground, situate in Colevile, Spring twp., containing about three-fourths of an acre, bounded west by land of Wm. H. Humes, and, the twp. road, north by W. Poorman, south east by Isaac Haupts, and south by W. Griffith Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob Ballet.

ALSO

All that certain lot of ground situate in Milesburg, bounded on the north by the Bald Eagle Creek, on the south by Water street, on the east and west by lots of A. D. Hahn, containing ½ of an acre, more or less, thereon erected a dwelling house, axe factory with steam engine power, and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of C. K. Essington.

ALSO

All those two certain lots of ground situate in Centre Hall, Potter twp., one thereof bounded on the north by lot of Wm. Shoope, east by lot of Centre Hall Manufacturing Company, south by the Brush Valley road, and on the west by lot of the Lutheran church, containing about one-fourth of an acre, thereon erected a large two story and a half frame dwelling house and out buildings. The other thereof bounded on the north by the Brushvalley road, east by an alley, south by lot of F. Neff, and on the west by lot of Samuel Working, containing about half an acre, thereon erected a blacksmith shop, wagon maker shop, paint shop, stable and other out buildings. Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Geo. B. Harpster. Sale to commence at 1-o'clock, p. m., of said day.

D. W. WOODRING, Sheriff.

Registers Notices.

The following accounts have been examined an passed by me, and remain filed of record in this Office for the inspection of heirs legatees creditors and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the orphan's Court of Centre county to be held at Bellefonte for allowance and confirmation on Wednesday, the 28th day of August 1872.

1. The account of Michael Schenck who was appointed trustee to sell the Real Estate of Fredrick Schenck, late of Howard twp., Centre county, dec.

2. The account of Samuel Plotner guardian of David Geary, one of the children and heirs of Reuben Geary, late of Penn twp., Centre county, dec., in account with the estate of the said David Geary as filed by Andrew Stover, acting guardian.

3. The account of Adam Hosterman executor in the last will and testament of Louis L Kurtz, late of Centre county, dec.

4. The account of David Keller, executor of the late will and testament, of Philip Shoneberger, late of Harris twp., dec.

5. The account of James Martin, trustee to sell the real estate of Samuel McKee, late of Walker twp., dec.

6. The account of Nathan J. Mitchell, and Wm. P. Lucas, administrators of the estate of Thomas Lucas, late of Howard twp., dec.

7. The account of George Livingston, who was administrator of all and Singular, the goods and chattels, of Elizabeth Stone, late of Bellefonte, dec., as filed by A. O. Furst, his executor.

8. The final account of John Rishel, guardian of the person and estate of Geo. Runkle Jr. child of John Runkle, late of Potter twp., said Junior having arrived at the age of twenty one years, and since dec.

9. The account of Michael Schneck, Guardian of Joseph, Lydia, William S. and Samuel T. Bechdel, junior children of David Bechdel, late of Liberty twp., dec'd.

10. The account of Adam Hoy, Administrator de bonis non of Isaac Ban ey, late of Spring twp., dec'd.

11. The account of Adam Hoy, Executor of &c., of Julian Swartz, late of Spring twp., dec'd.

12. The account of Adam Hosterman and Jeremiah Vanada, administrators of all and singular, the goods and chattles, rights and credits which were of David Vanada, late of Haines twp., dec'd.

13. The account of John Hoffer, guardian of Jeremiah Mays jr., now dec'd, junior son of Jeremiah Mays, late of Spring twp., dec'd.

14. The administration account of Wm. P. Wilson, administrator of the estate of Samuel L. Barrs, late of Bellefonte, dec'd

15. The account of Conrad Singer, one of the executors in the last will and testament of Samson Glossner, late of Curtin twp., dec'd.

16. Final account of Michael Harpst, guardian of Diana Hosterman, minor child of John Hosterman, late of Haines twp., dec'd.

17. The final administration account of F. R. McManigle, administrator of J. B. Johnson, late of Marion twp., dec'd.

18. The account of Mesalama Reese administrator of David Reese, late of Gregg twp., dec'd

19. The account of Aaron Williams, administrator of John Sheets, late of Worth twp., de'ed.

J. H. MORRISON,
aug 2. Register.

C. PECK. J. T. LEE.

PECK & LEE'S

New

Coach Manufactory.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned have opened a new establishment, at their new shops, for the manufacture of

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,

SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY

of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by them are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

They use none but the best material, and employ the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Come and examine our work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,

All kinds of Reparing done.

2aug.y. PECK & LEE.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton, and Clearfield, and the Honorable W. W. Love and the Honorable Henry Dodge, Associate Judges, in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 4th day of January, A. D., 1872, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 4th Monday of Aug. next, being the 26th day of Aug. 1872, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of the said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of April in the year of our Lord, 1872, and in the ninety-fourth year of the Independence of the United States.

D W. WOODRING, Sheriff.

THE ONLY PLACE TO BUY

good Boots & Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Have just received 50 cases of Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell the cheapest and best Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Are the only ones in Centre co. that have Lester Bro's & Co., Boots & Shoes.

Lester Bro's & Co., Boots and Shoes are warranted.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell them at Cash prices.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes never leak or crack.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes always give satisfaction.

Thousands in this county and out of it have tried these Boots & Shoes.

They have been tested and tried for 15 years and always have given Extra satisfaction.

If you want to save doctor bills buy your Boots and Shoes from Burnside & Thomas.

You can buy the best articles of Tobacco and cigars at half price at Burnsides & Thomas.

The reason you can get such bargains at Burnside & Thomas, they sell for CASH. july19,tf.

BOSTON

Boot & Shoe Store!

A NEW ESTABLISHMENT

With New Goods & New Prices!

Having determined to engage in business at this place, we have opened up in Room

NO. 5 BUSH'S ARCADE,

BELLEFONTE, PA., the largest,

most complete and cheapest stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &C.,

that has ever been opened up in this part of the State. At our store you can find in the Boot and Shoe line

Anything You Want,

from the finest boot to the cheapest slipper, and we know if you once call and EXAMINE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

you will concede that it is to your interest to purchase from us.

WE SELL AT BOSTON RATES.

Repairing Neatly Done.

B. L. BATCHELLER & CO.

July 19tf.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!

WE OFFER FOR SALE

the following list of

UNEXCEPTIONABLE

AND RELIABLE

FERTILIZERS:

PURE GROUND BONE,
PURE BONE FLOUR,
SUPER-PHOSPHATE,
BONE DUST,
AND ANIMAL COMPOST.

They are the Great Generators and Nourishers of

CORN, OATS, GRASS, WHEAT,

and other crops.

BEING QUICK, PERMANENT, ECONOMICAL!

It Saves Labor!
It Prevents Weeds!
It Increases the Yield!
It Restores the Land!

SHORTLIDGE & CO.,
july19 2m. Bellefonte, Centre Co.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

R. F. Rankin & Co.,

(Successors to Linn & Wilson.)

DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS

AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.

PURE WINE & LIQUORS

for medicinal purposes.

SHOULDER BRACES,

TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS in great variety

Also, Choice

CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

tf.1jun e R. F. RANKIN & CO

Valuable Farm

at Private Sale

The undersigned offers at private sale, a valuable Farm, situated in Gregg township, Centre county, near the railroad depot at Spring Mills, and belonging to the estate of Elisabth Neese, dec'd.

This farm contains

229 ACRES FARMLAND

of which 50 acres are well timbered.

Thereon are erected two dwelling houses, with Barns and all necessary outbuildings. Fruit of all kinds and an abundance of water on the premises. The land is under a high state of cultivation, and among the best in the valley.

For further information apply to

one of the Administrators, near Spring Mills Jas. D. GENTZELL
June 14.tf.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of George Stover, late of Gregg twp., dec'd. have been granted to the undersigned, who request all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.

J. R. TAYLOR,
BENJ. STOVER,
aug 16 6t. Administrators.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

Corrected by C. D. Keller.

White Wheat $1,65, Red 160....Rye..... 75.....Corn 60 .....Oats 40.....Barley 60. 70.....Clo verseed 5,00 .....Potatoes 45, Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 09 Butter 20.....Eggs 20. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 8 .....Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS

White wheat 1,75....Red wheat 1,65....Rye 60.....Corn 60.....Oats 35.....Barley 50..... Cloverseed 4,50.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 50 per sack,..... Bacon 10c.....Ham 16.....Butter 17... Eggs 15.....Plaster 9 50

USE

PAIN CURE OIL

"THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT"

FOR

Pains, Sores, Wounds and Lameness.

BUY IT! TRY IT!

For Fever and Ague, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Rheumatism, . . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Neuralgia, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Fever Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Cholera Morbus, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Sprains, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Headache, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Bruises, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Corns and Bunions, Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Lameness, . . Use Pain Cure Oil.

EVERY BOTTLE IS WARRANTED,
And we challenge the world to produce its equal.
Used Externally and Internally for
MAN AND BEAST.
Ask for PAIN CURE OIL. Take no other, for we WARRANT IT TO CURE.
It is not a roving nostrum preparation but a soothing compound, made from
Pure Vegetable Oils, Herbs and Extracts,
and is clean and safe to use.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.
PRICE, 50 CENTS.
McCLURE & EATON, PROPRIETORS,
Reading, Pa

Sold wholesale and retail by F. P. Green.

Just Arrived.
Just Arrived.

Call and See
Call and See

WOLF'S

Magnificent Stock

of New Goods.

Come and get Bargains.

Assortment full and complete.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Hardware, Ready-made Clothing, and thousands of other articles

A. SUSSMAN

LEATHER & SHOE FINDING.

in lower room, No. 1. Bush's block, where he keeps on hand a stock of

WHITE and RED LEATHER and HARNESS.

Kips and Calf Skins

French and City Finish.

STRING LEATHER, SHOE-FINDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Raw Hides

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Trunks and Valises

OF ALL KINDS.

RAW FURS, of all kinds bought and highest price paid.

Clover and Timothy Seed

always bought and on hands. WHEAT and OATS specially bought and the highest Cash price paid.

Go to Sussman's, there you can buy cheaper than elsewhere, as everybody knows, who ever dealt with him. He lets no one off without a good bargain.

Next door to Sussman's is the cheap dry goods establishment of Isaac Guggenheimer. ap5.tf.

ADAM HILD,

PAINTER, MILROY, Mifflin co., Pa.

offers his services to the citizens of Mifflin Centre and adjoining counties, in

House, Sign and Ornamental Painting.

GRAINING

Oak, Walnut, Maple. Ash, Mahogony, &c.

Plain and Fancy Paperhanging. Orders respectfully solicited.

All fine work done for other painters.

June 7 y.

The Champion of the World.

The new Improved American Button-Hole Overseaming and Complete Sewing Machine—The greatest machine of the Age!

Simplicity, Durability & Cheapness Combined.

This machine being the litest, has many improvements over all other, in a word, it is a perfect machine, which is acknowledged by the best judges and agents of all other machines.

Call on A. L. Bartges, Madisonburg, who is the authorized agent for Centre county. Also keeps the best Sewing Machine thread, needles, and repairs all kinds of sewing machines, clocks, watches, music boxes &c. I will thoroughly canvass the section belonging to me, and I shall be very much pleased to sell every person a machine, on easy terms; give it a trial before purchasing any other—it has no equal. Parties wishing the machine, will please address the undersigned. Satisfaction guaranteed. All orders promptly attended to. A. L. BARTGES,

Agent for Centre County.

MADISONBURG, PA.

JOHN C. MOTZ & CO.

BANKERS.

MILLHEIM, CENTRE CO., PA.

Receive Deposits and allow interest.
Discount Notes.
Make Collections.
Issue Eastern Exchange.
And a general Banking Business done.

JOHN C. MOTZ,
A. WALTER, PRESIDENT.
Cashier. mar28tf.

BUTTS HOUSE

BELLEFONTE, PA.

J. B. BUTTS, Prop'r.

Has first class accommodation; charges reasonable. 19apr, tf.

CENTRAL HOTEL. Corner of Third and Chestnut Street, Mifflinburg, Pa.

John Showers, Proprietor.

Its Central Location makes it particularly desirable to persons visiting Town on business or pleasure.

H. A. Taylor's Livery Attached.

unf21 1y

COAL,

LIME,

and POWDER!

COAL.—Wilkesbarre Coal, Chestnut Stove, Egg, furnace and foundry, Coal—of best quality, at the lowest prices. Customers will please note that our coal is housed under commodious sheds.

LIME.—Wood or coal-burnt Lime, for sale at our kilns, on the pike leading to Milesburg.

POWDER.—Having received the agency for Du Pont's Powder AT WHOLESALE, we shall be pleased to receive orders from the trade.

Office and yard near south end of Bald Eagle Valley R. R. Depot, Bellefonte, Pa.

4nov SHORTLIDGE & CO.

RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

The proprietor of Ryder's Music Store desires to call the attention of the people of Centre county, to the fact that they

Can Save Money

by purchasing their musical instruments of Rynder's Music Store. We are selling

Double Reed, Six Stop, Five Octave Organs, at $140,

(superior in tone and finish, to those that are hawked and peddled throughout the country at $175 to $200.) These we warrant for five years. We give any reasonable credit desired to responsible parties.

We beg leave to call your attention to the following instruments, sold in Pennsvalley this year, which you would do well to examine before purchasing elsewhere:

CENTRE HALL.

S. S. WOLF, Rynder Organ..... $225.00
WM. GALBRAITH, Ryder Organ..... 140.00

LEMONT.

DR. J. Y. DALE, American Organ..... $375.00
PETER SCHRECK, Ry

"So the Story Goes."

'Twas once upon a summer day—
So the story goes—
The Franklin's daughter chanced to stray
Where the mill-stream flows.

And as the rustic bridge she crossed—
So the story goes—
Over the rail she stopped, and lost
From her breast a rose.

The stream ran fast, the stream ran strong—
So the story goes—
And on its waters bore along
The cheerless maiden's rose,

The miller's son stood by the bank—
So the story goes—
He stopped the wheel; and, ere it sank,
Caught up the maiden's rose.

Then in his cap he placed the flower—
So the story goes—
And boldly to the maiden's bower
He hied at daylight's close.

"Is this thy flower, sweetheart?" he cried—
So the story goes—
The maiden blushed, the maiden sighed,
"Oh! give me back my rose."

"Two flowers," he said, "so sweet and fair"—
So the story goes—
"'Twas shame to part—one breast should bear
Thyself and this red rose."

What more the youth and maiden said,
That summer eve, who knows?
But he kept the flower and won the maid—
So the story goes.

Farm, Garden and Household.

One who knows makes it a point to select a cow with a yellow skin. One whose skin is pale or colorless, is not, he says, half so likely to produce good butter.

RELIABLE RECEIPTS.—For corns, easy shoes; for bile, exercise; for rheumatism, new flannel and patience; for goat, toast and water: for the toothache, a dentist; for debt, industry; and for love, matrimony.

PORK.—A Willow Creek, Montana, correspondent asks if it will pay to produce pork in a country where wages are $50 a month, and grain from two to three cents a pound. Pork made on such a basis would have to sell for from 20 to 25 cents a pound to make it profitable.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLING.—Choose large russet or sour apples that cook tender; peel and quarter them, take out the cores and use one apple to a dumpling. Pinch your pie-crust well, grease your pie-pan, set your dumplings right side up; do not let them touch each other; set them in your oven and bake a delicate brown. Eat hot, with any sauce you prefer.

Dissolve a bushel of salt in a barrel of water, and with the salt water slack a barrel of lime, which should be wet enough to form a kind of paste. For the purpose of a disenfectant this home made chloride of lime is nearly as good as that purchased at the shops and drug stores. Use it freely about sinks, cellars, gutters, and out-houses, and, in this way, prevent sickness, suffering and expense.

FILTERS AND FILTERING.—In every well-appointed kitchen, there are tin or procelain funnels. For filtering watery fluids it is only necessary to insert, in the choke of the funnel, a V-shaped piece of fine sponge. All the liquids, on being put into the funnel, will pass through the sponge and become quite clear. When this effect ceases the sponge must be removed and well cleaned.

GRAFTON MILK BISCUITS.—Boil and grate two whole potatoes; add two teaspoonfulls of brown sugar; pour boiling water over these enough to soften them. When tepid, add one small teacup of yeast; when light, warm three ounces of butter in one pint of milk, a little salt and flour enough to make a stiff sponge; when risen, work it on the board, put it back in the tray to rise again; when risen, roll it into cakes and let them stand half an hour. Bake in a quick oven. These biscuits are perfect.

CARE OF CISTERNS.—Water may be preserved pure and wholesome in rain-water cisterns by letting the supply-pipe connect at the bottom of the cistern. The fresh water being heavier than that already in the cistern, will force the stale water to the top so that it can be used before it becomes offensive. It is well known, however, that cistern water becomes impure from the organic matter it contains, and if this can be got rid of by destroying its vitality and precipitating it to the bottom, it will leave the water pure. It is claimed that there is nothing better to effect this than permanganate of potassa, used in the proportion of about an ounce to 50 gallons of water. This causes the inorganic matter to sink to the bottom an innoxious sediment. But the permanganate must be continued as long as the water has a purplish appearance, indicating that the offensive matter has not all been precipitated. Though this is not a poisonous drug, and is we believe in no way hurtful, still no more should be used than necessary. Every druggist has it for sale. Care must be taken to have the cistern thoroughly cleaned out at least twice a year, as well as the troughs upon the building supplying the water.

A HINT WORTH HEEDING.—I went into Swampscot's tool-house yesterday to get out of the rain. His grass is cut, and he will have no further use for his mower. The orthodox way of doing with a mower on many farms is to unhitch from it where the last hay cutting is done, and leave it in the field. Swampscot must be a heretic. I found his mower packed away in one corner of the tool-house as snugly as if it had been there when the tool-house was built, and had never cut any grass. I noticed it had been thoroughly cleaned and bearings oiled. I rather liked the idea. I said so. Swampscot said: "Why, that's the way I make money. I've used that mower six summers, and it's a better mower to-day than Joe Peet's, that he bought last year; his lay in the field until November, and was then put into an open shed, where the sheep ran and the hens roosted. It was a nice looking object this Spring, and I know he expended $15 upon it before he could make it run. Why, sir, he never took the sickle out of it from the time he quit using it until he wanted to use it again; nor did he oil it." I noticed the hoes, cultivators, harrows, plows, etc., etc., were all snugly put away by Swampscot. I mention these little things that you may know why he has the reputation of being a thrifty, thorough, liberal farmer.

TO FIND THE WEIGHT OF LIVE CATTLE.—First, see that the animal stands square, then with a string take his circumference just behind the shoulder blade, and measure the feet and inches—this is the *girth*. Then measure from the bone of the tail which plumbs the line with the hinder part of the buttock, and direct the string along the back to fore part of the shoulder blade, and this will be the *length*.—Then work the figures thus: Suppose girth of bullock 6 feet 4 inches, length 6 feet 3 inches, which multiplied together make 23 square superficial feet, and these multiplied by 23—the number of pounds allowed for each superficial foot of cattle measuring less than seven and more than five feet in girth—make 759 pounds. When the animal measures less than and more than seven feet in girth, 31, is the number of pounds to be estimated to each superficial foot. And suppose a small animal to measure two feet in girth and 2 feet in length, these multiplied together make four feet, which, multiplied by 11—the number of pounds allowed for each square foot when the cattle measure less than three feet in girth—make 44 pounds. Again, suppose a calf or sheep etc., measure 4 feet 6 inches in girth, and 3 feet 8 inches in length; that multiplied together makes 16 square feet, and these multiplied by 16—the number of pounds allowed for cattle measuring less than 5 and more than 3 feet in girth—make 356 pounds. The dimensions in girth and length of the bask of cattle, sheep calves, and hogs, taken this way, are as exact as is at all necessary for common computation or valuation of stock, and will answer to the four quarters of the animal, sinking the offal. A deduction must be made for animals half fat, of one pound in twenty from those that are fat; and for a cow that has had calves, one pound must be allowed in addition to the one for not being fat, upon every twenty.—*Peddler's Land Measurer.*

New York Dry Goods Market.

We have had a dull and unsatisfactory week in the dry goods market with but few exceptions. The flannel houses made a revision of prices on Thursday, of an average decline of 7½ per cent., which on low and medium grades, made a marked difference with buyers, and their business for the balance of the week was quite active and very satisfactory. Other woolens have not been changed in quotations, and the traffic in cloths, coatings and cassimeres has been very limited. Deskins were in better request and some favorite makes keep well sold up.

The market for domestic cotton fabrics has been weak. There have been no marked indications of a break of prices, but there are murmurings, and at any moment the market is prepared to hear of some immense transactions at very much reduced quotations.

Brown Sheetings and Shirtings of standard weights have been held with more firmness than other cottons, as the supply is not thought to be equal to the demand that must sooner or later come forward. But up to the present time the market is considerably in surplus of requirements.

Bleached Goods have been very inactive during the whole week.

Ticks, Stripes and checks, as with all colored cottons, have remained dull, without much injury, but as these goods are not expected to partake of a lively market during the season, holders manifest but little regarding them.

Brown Sheetings and Shirtings have been in fair demand, especially for sheetings to fill immediate orders for current wants.

Cotton Flannels.—The demand for these goods has been and is yet very limited.

Cotton bags are still without any special movement.

Cotton Yarns did not rally from the weakness noticed last week, and a slight reduction of 1c. per pound was made, and fine numbers to which value the coarser numbers will equalize.

Rolled Jaconets and Cambrics.—Holders of jaconets have been greatly disappointed in the business for the week. They had been led from a revision of their prices and other indications to anticipate an active week, but from some unexplained cause, the amount of business will not aggregate in sales with the previous week.

Printing Cloths.—This Market still tends to lower prices. Some few sales were made during the week, but printers are as susceptible to a weak market as buyers of prints, and if printed goods are liable to a sudden decline, no large operations in gray cloths will probably be effected on a basis of 7 7-8a8c. for 64 squares. We therefore continue to report the market dull and inactive.

Prints.—More business has been done in these goods, than would naturally be supposed from the general tone of the market during the week. Some houses report a fair business nearly up to their productions, but we find it generally limited amongone or two popular brands, that some portion of the trade considers cheaper than other standard goods when quotations are the same. The general market has been comparatively dull, but probably more business has been transacted in this branch than any of the others in the cotton goods line. Prices have been reduced to 11jc. by the Pacific Company, the American Print Works and the Hartels; others remain firm at former quotations,but mostly under protection.

Ginghams.—The market for these goods can hardly be said to be opened. The demand is not yet commenced, and in the meantime holders are quiet and firm.

SPANISH PRISONS.—The details depicting the horrors of Spanish prisons, says the letter of a correspondent, would occupy much more space than is allotted me in your columns, were they not, indeed, too revolting to be narrated. Imagine low, long, dark, narrow halls, crowded past excess with living, restless masses of humanity, personating crime, sorrow, remorse, revenge, despair and doubt, without any one redeeming element of redemption, reform, or regeneration. Imagine that each one of these half-naked, hungry human beings is in a state of filthiness inconceivable, infested with every possible variety of vermin, since baths are unknown in such regions and wash-basins as well. Imagine that the only admonitions ever addressed to the criminals are the orders of the overseers, accompanied by threats, oath, insults and blows, security from retaliation, being made sure by the revolvers with which the jailors are aided, and the constant presence of a detachment of military force. Imagine the fetid emanations from such a place, the constant brawls of the prisoners, the shouts of the overseers, and the deafening clanking of the immense chains with which many are loaded, and some faint idea will be formed of the interior of a Spanish prison.

A STORY OF BEECHER.—The following story is told of Henry Ward Beecher by one of his sisters. He was about eleven years old, and was attending school. The teacher was drilling her pupil in the rudiments of grammar, but he seemed fonder of fun than study. "Now, Henry," said she, "A is the indefinite article, you see, and must be used only with the singular number. You can say 'a man,' but you can't say 'a men,' can you?" "Yes, I can say 'amen,' too," was the rejoinder. "Father says it always at the end of his prayers." "Come, Henry, don't be joking; decline 'he.'" "Nominative he, possessive his, objective him." "You see, 'his' is possessive. Now you can say 'his book,' but you cannot say 'him book.'" "Yes, I do say 'hymn book,' too," said the impracticable pupil, with a quizzical twinkle. Each one of these sallies made his young teacher laugh, which was the victory he wanted. "But now, Henry, seriously, just attend to the active and passive verb. Now, 'I strike' is active you see, because if you strike you do something. But, 'I am struck is passive, because if you are struck you don't do anything, do you?" "Yes, I do; I strike back again."

LOOK TO YOUR INSURANCE.—This is always good advice; but it is particularly so at this season. Many farmers have a good deal of property, in the form of wool, hay, and grain, exposed to fire, that is not covered by insurance, because they expect to keep it only a short time. If they can afford to be their "own insurers," all very well. But if a fire would cripple them, it is the part of wisdom to be at least partially insured. We fear that many farmers have property that they think is insured which their policies do not cover. Your wool or grain may be insured in one barn but not in another, and you may have overlooked and forgotten the fact. If you are going to thrash with a steam-engine, see if it does not invalidate your policy. There is little or no risk from a properly constructed engine, but it is a very unpleasant thing when you think you are insured to burn up and find that there is a clause in the policy that forfeits your claim.

HOW ARE YOU?—The Paducah *News* tells this story, for the truth of which it vouches: A professional gentleman well known in this city, had not seen his son for a long period of time, owing to the fact that the latter retired to bed ere the former returned home, and in the morning the father always left before the son got out of bed. One morning the lady of the house managed to get the father and son together at the break fast table,and by way of a joke remarked, "Son, let me introduce you to your father." "How do you do, father?" said the hopeful; "I don't rememember ever having met you before but I have heard ma speak of you,"

A four-year-old female went into a drug store the other day, and said to the proprietor in a half-whisper: "If a little girl hain't got any money, how much chewing-gum do you give her for nothing?"

Iron shingles have been recently patented and are said to be less expensive than slate. They are made about six inches by thirteen inches in size, and fastened with headless nails.

Clerical Anecdotes

The following anecdotes have never been in print, at least the first three have, and cannot vouch for. The others came under my own personal knowledge:

In the south of New Jersey, some years ago, there travelled over some of the hardest counties a good, faithful, hard-working brother, named James Moore, or Jimmy Moore, as he was familiarly called. He was devoted to the itinerancy. A true, loyal Methodist, plain, pointed and sharp in all his preaching and exortations.

He had been laboring a year on one of his circuits, and, before leaving for his new field, he gave his people, who dearly loved him, his farewell sermon.

At the close he said: "My dear brethren, this is my last address to you. I am going from you, and you may never hear the voice of James Moore again."

"Amen!" came loudly from the seat behind him.

He looked at the man with a little surprise, but, thinking it was a mistake, went on.

"My days on earth will soon be numbered. I am an old man, and you may not only never hear the voice of James Moore but never see his face again.

"Amen!" was shouted from the same seat more vigorously than before.

There was no mistaking the design now. The preacher looked at the man; he knew him to be a hard, grinding man—stingy and merciless to the poor.

He continued his address: "May the Lord bless all those of you who have done your duty, who have honored him with your substance, who have been kind to the poor, and—"

Pausing and looking the intruder straight in the eye, and pointing to him with his finger:

"May his curse rest on those who have cheated the Lord and ground the poor under their heels. Say amen to that, brother!"

The shot told. He was not interrupted again.

I once went with Rev. Mark Trafton, the celebrated New England preacher, to hear Albert Barnes deliver a discourse in behalf of the American Sunday School Union. The evening was hot, the services were long and tiresome, and when the sermon commenced it was time to go home.

Mr. Barnes was annoyed at this, and in commencing his sermon said: "My discourse is divided into three parts." He then stated them. "For want of time I shall omit the first; for the same reason I shall be compelled to omit the second."

At this moment Trafton arose, his tall form looming up in all its stateliness, and turning to me he said: "For the same reason I shall omit the third," and walked out of the church.

In a Pennsylvania town there was an excellent but eccentric clergyman named Ross. He was about taking a collection for some especial object, and had pleaded warmly in its behalf.

"My brethren," he said, "I want you all to give liberally to-night; none of your pennies or five-cent pieces, but let every one give a quarter; and, to set you a good example, I will give the first myself," dropping a twenty-five cent piece in the basket.

After the collection was taken he lifted up the baskets, looked them over carefully, and then remarked: "I see that my quarter is the only one here, so I shall take it back again," which he did, and put it in his pocket with evident disgust at their meanness.

A quaint Scotch minister was given somewhat to exaggerating in the pulpit. His clerk reminded him of its ill effects on the congregation. He replied that he was not aware of it, and wished the clerk, the next time he did it, to give him a cough by way of a hint.

Soon after he was describing Sampson's tying the foxes' tails together. He said, "The foxes in those days were much larger than ours, and they had tails twenty fut long."

"Ahem!" came from the clerk's desk.

"That is," continued the preacher, "according to their measurement; but by ours they were fifteen fut long."

"Ahem!" louder than before.

"But, as you may think this is extravagant, we'll just say they were ten fut,"

"Ahem! ahem!" still more vigorously. The parson leaned over the pulpit, and, shaking his finger at the clerk, said: "You may cough there all the night long mon; I'll nae tak' off a fut more. Would ye hae the foxes wid nae tails at a' ?"—*Christian Weekly.*

A FALSE ALARM.—During the siege of Gibraltar, in the absence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night, a sentry whose post was near the Devil's Tower, and facing the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his walked, whistling,looking towards them, his head filled with nothing but fire and sword ,miners, breaches, storming and bloodshed! By the side of his box stood a deep, narrow-necked earthern jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled peas.

A large monkey, encouraged by the man's silence, and allured by the smell of the peas, ventured to the jug, and in endeavoring to get at its contents, thrust his head so far into the neck as to be unable to withdraw it. At this instant the soldier turning round, came whistling toward his box; the monkey, unable to get clear of it, started up to run off with the jug sticking on his head.

This terrible apparition no sooner saluted the eyes of the sentry, than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine, blood-thirsty Spanish grenadier, with a most tremendous high cap on his head. Full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls. The guard took the alarm, the drums were beat, signal guns fired, and in less than ten minutes the governor and his whole garrison were under arms.

The supposed grenadier, being very much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the peas, was soon overtaken and seized, and by his capture the tranquillity of the garrison was restored without that slaughter and bloodshed which every man prognosticated in the beginning of the direful alarm.

INSANITY.—Two business men of St. Charles, Minn., Mr. H. W. Hempsted and Mr. Franz Schores, have become deranged from exposure to the hot sun last week. They visited New-Ulm to look up lands in that vicinity, and rode some distance in an open buggy, exposed to the burning heat which prevailed throughout the State at that time. Soon after returning to their homes they showed signs of suffering with mental derangement, and both appeared to be affected in a similar manner. They seemed to know their friends, but were infatuated with great schemes of amassing great fortunes. Mr. Hempsted has been taken to St. Peter, and it is believed that with proper medical treatment he will soon recover. Mr. Schores was subsequently taken in charge by Deputy Sheriff Crippen, and placed in jail, as it was not considered safe for him to be at large. Soon after dinner he made a violent attack to break out, and with all the fury of a madman, assaulted the door with an empty keg, which was used as a seat in the corridor by the prisoners. The officers, with assistance, secured him in a cell.

WHAT A LITTLE CARELESSNESS DID.—To show how serious a conflagration may spring from a small cause, the great oil fire on Hunter's Point is given. A river barge received two thousand barrels of refined oil, and was preparing to leave. The Captain's wife was arranging the beds in the cabin aft, when some of the clothes came in contact with the stove and ignited. The woman with her two children rushed on deck and got ashore. Before the alarm had been properly given the boat with the oil was in flames. A German boat near by with 1,600 bbls. on board caught fire, and from this the flames spread to barges, sheds, and to the oil works themselves, making a complete wreck of them, destroying an immense amount of property, and throwing hundreds of men out of employment.

Children ask curiously pertinent questions sometimes, without knowing it. Some youngsters were watching the process of hatching chickens by steam. One says to another, "Wonder if their mother knows they're out?"

A California Colony.

A newspaper correspondent gives us an interesting history of a California Colony, and its results. In 1857—15 years ago—several Germans proposed, in San Francisco, to some of their countrymen, to purchase, by a general effort, a piece of land, lay it out into individual farms, plant these with grapes for wine, and to do all this by one general head or manager, and in the cheapest and best manner possible. After some discussion 50 men joined to buy a tract of 1,165 acres of land southwest of Los Angelos. They paid for this price also a sufficient water-right for irrigation. The land was selected and bought by the leader in the enterprise, Mr. Hansen of Los Angeles, a German who had long lived in California. The Anaheim Company consisted, you must understand, of mechanics, in the main. There are several carpenters, a gunsmith, an engraver, three watchmakers, four blacksmiths, a hewer, a teacher, a shoemaker, a miller, several merchants, a bookbinder, a poet (of course), four or five musicians, a hatter, some teamsters, a hotel-keeper, and others; not a farmer among them all, pray notice. Moreover—and this I say with a certain degree of hesitation—there is some reasons to believe that the members of the company were not even eminently successful in their callings. They were not getting rich in San Francisco, where most of them lived. Several of them had money ahead, but most of them, I judge from what I hear, were men ready enough to better their fortunes, but to whom it would have been impossible to buy a ready-made farm of even twenty acres.

Well, it was agreed to divide the 1,165 acres into 50 20 acre lots, and 50 house-lots in the village, leaving some lots for school-houses and other public buildings, 14 in number. The first contribution or payment toward the common stock bought the land. Thereupon Mr. Hansen was, very wisely, chosen Resident Manager, and the shareholders quietly went on with their pursuits in San Francisco, taking care only to pay up the calls on their stock as they became due. It was the manager's duty, meantime, to go on with the improvement of the lots. This he did with hired labor—Indians and Californians. He dug a main ditch seven miles long, to lead the irrigating water over the whole area, and 450 miles of subsidiary ditches, and 25 miles of feeders to these. He planted on each 20-acre lot 8 acres in vines (8,000 vines) and some fruit trees. He fenced each lot with willows, making 5½ miles of outside and 35 miles of inside fencing. These willows are now topped for firewood, and as they grow rapidly they give a very fresh and lovely green to the aspect of Anaheim. This done, he continued to cultivate, prune and keep up the whole place. At the end of three years, in 1860, all the assessments were paid; each stockholder had paid $1,200, and a division of the lots was made. This was done by a kind of lottery. All the lots were viewed, and assessed at their relative value, from $1,400 to $600, according to situation, &c. When a lot was drawn, if it was valued over $1,200 the drawer paid the difference; if less, he received the difference. Thus he who drew a $1,400 lot would pay $2,00: he who drew a $6,00 lot would receive $6,00 additional in cash. When all were drawn, there was a sale of the effects of the company—tools, horses, &c.; and on balancing the books it was found that a sum remained on hand which sufficed for a dividend of over $100 to each shareholder. I believe the actual cost of the lots was but $1,080. For this each had 20 acres and a town lot 150x200 feet, with 8,000 bearing grape vines and some fruit trees.

Then the owners broke up at San Francisco and came down to take possession. Lumber for building was bought at wholesale; for 50 families a school-house was quickly erected; shop-keepers flocked in and bought the town lots; a newspaper was begun; mechanics of different kinds were attracted to the colony; and the colonists themselves had at once about them all the conveniences for which, had they settled singly, they would have had to wait many years. Now, it must be remembered that these colonists were not even farmers or gardeners by trade. Only one had ever made wine. They began as green hands; some of them borrowed money to make the improvement, and had to pay heavy interest. They had to build their houses, and make their gardens, and support their families. I want to give you briefly the results of the experiment: 1st. There was a struggle for some years, but in this early time, everybody tells me, they all had enough to eat, a good school for their children, music and pleasant social amusements, and they were their own masters. 2. Only one of the original settlers has moved away; and the Sheriff has never issued an execution in Anaheim. 3. The property which cost $1,080, is now worth from $5000, to $10,000, and I do not believe more than one in ten of the colonists would have been worth to-day, had they remained at their trades in San Francisco, any money at all. 4. There are no poor in Anaheim. 5. It is the general testimony that the making of wine and brandy has not caused drunkenness among the colonists. "When you see a drunken man in our town it will be an Indian or an Irishman," said several people to me. 6. I have not a doubt that the moral standard of the people has been greatly improved. Their children are well trained; the men are masters of their own lives; they have achieved independence, and what to an average New York mechanic would seem the ideal of a fortunate existence. The average clear income from their vineyards, which now contain mostly sixteen acres, is about $1,000 per annum. Some few fall below this, but most of them go above. They have besides this, of course, their gardens, which here yield vegetables all the year round; their chickens—in short the greater part of their living. They live well; it is a land of plenty; and to me, who remembered how painful and unpleasant is the life of a mechanic or artisan in New York, it was a delight to see here men and women who had redeemed themselves, by their own efforts, from this drudgery and slavery.

FEMALE FARM LABORERS.—Start a story about a brawny woman running a farm—building the fences, plowing the fields, driving the reaper, picking the stones, and all that—as some fellow did concerning a female landowner, near Canandaigua Lake, last year—and it goes the rounds of the whole American press half the editors applauding the Amazon for her independence, industry and thrift. Hardly one stops to ask if it is womanly, or proper or civilized even. One would also conclude that *mankind* would prefer to have the female portion of the population do all the hewing of wood and drawing of water. But it should be remembered that such performances on the part of the females are only croppings out of barbarism that only a portion of the world has even yet emerged from. England has plenty of it left in the agricultural districts, and it is not unknown in the manufacturing counties. A late writer in the London Telegraph describes a trip to Staffordshire, where the women work at the blacksmith's forge as long and as hard as the men. He says it is not uncommon to find a mother and her three lusty daughters fully of marriageable age, stripped to their stays, and, with a kerchief over their shoulders, wielding the hammer and tugging at the bellows, making twelve hundred nails for twelve pence, and working from eight in the morning till twelve at night. At Lye Waste whole streets are made up of these smithies, in which these women and their children toil, year in and year out, beside their husbands and brothers. They have about as much refinement and intelligence as a "Digger" Indian. Let our women take to the plow and hoe, and we shall soon have districts in which they would rival these muscular females of the Straffordshire smithies. We are disgusted with this talk about women farmers. Let our girls take all the prizes at our universities; drive all the men from the rostrum, run our banking and brokerage, keep our shops, become governors and presidents, vote and be happy according to their capabilities; but deliver us from female blacksmiths and farm laborers. If man is not fitted for this work, we don,t know what his particular sphere can be.

A New York Pawn Broker.

Among the rich men of New York says the *Sun*, few were richer than was Mitchell Hart, the old Chatham street pawn-broker, who has just been carried to his grave. Many there are who live in finely frescoed houses in Fifth avenue, furnished with all that taste can select and wealth procure, who when Azrael summons them will leave far less behind than did Mitchell Hart, who hardly slept a night out of the dingy garret above his office, and during war times lived on 30 cents a day, and who for thirty years has not left the limits of the City and County of New York. Many years ago the father of Mitchell and Henry Hart hung out the significant money-broker's sign of the golden balls on the Sixth Ward side of Chatham street, nearly opposite the station, afterwards occupied by his sons. For many a long year he did not live in vain as far as current coin of the realm was concerned, and when he was gathered to his fathers he left an immense fortune to his sons. In their hands, and by a prosecution of an even brisker trade than the senior Hart, the father's fortune increased and multiplied until their combined assets were estimated at the almost fabulous sum of $12,000,000. In the little two-story house No. 31 Chatham street, for nearly half a century the brothers eighteen hours in the twenty-four received pledges and filled out duplicates, and the remaining six hours sought their sleep in the garret overhead. The deceased was the youngest of the two, the style of the firm being "H. & M. Hart," and perhaps for that reason was always the one to take down the shutters every morning and hang the most tempting of the unredeemed pledges to attract the wearers of second-hand clothing, while Henry dignifiedly sat behind the dingy counter and kept the books. They both remained bachelors. The Harts were always adepts at real estate speculations, and everything they bought seemed to acquire an immense value. For them no philosopher's stone was needed. Like the King of Crete of ancient story, everything they touched became gold. Ten years ago they resolved to give up the business which slowly but surely had made them possessors of millions, and they invested their superfluous moneys in the Third Avenue Railroad which was then being started, and the shares of which had fallen in value and were going for a song. But from the moment the Hart brothers became (as they did) the principal stockholders, all New York took to patronizing the new road, and notwithstanding the original stock was repeatedly "watered," the shares ever after commanded a premium. Notwithstanding their vast interest the Harts never aspired to the control of the road in a conspicuous capacity. Although they took down the sign of the three balls a decade ago the old shop which they still continued to use as a homestead, and in which they transacted a brokerage and real estate business which was second to but a few in a street more famous than Chatham, even now has the aspect of their former calling. The old wooden railing, built high and strong, peculiar to pawnbrokers' establishments, still protects portions of the greasy counter, while behind on the shelves are ranged bundles of the cast-off clothing of a former generation in them can be found the brass-buttoned and deeply, darkly, beautifully blue swallow-tails of a score of years ago; and the silk and satin ball-room costume which would cut a pretty figure at the "Charity" now. Shawls, too, from India; queer cut trowsers, and many a faded frock, which would be called a Dolly Varden now, still remain, with their tickets containing the date and amount pledged pinned to them, and the dust of years thick upon them. On the top shelf is a row of bandboxes, containing bonnets of coal-scuttle pattern; and on the wall beyond hang a tamborine and old-fashioned cornets and French horns, relics of some Big Van Winkle Ninth Regiment band. In this room and in the one behind are several massive, safes, suggestive only in appearance, for they contain nothing but papers, valuable only to their owner, for, unlike the miser of romance, the Hart brothers did not hide their hoard where at the dead of night they could rouse from their sleep to count the glittering gold and shining silver, but like business men kept a bank account, and several well known banks were proud to have them as depositors. Mr. Mitchell Hart had done but little business for the past year and about twelve months ago gave up his lodgings at the old shop, and although he owned houses in all parts of the city rented No. 227 East Nineteenth street, where he has since resided. During that time he has hardly been near the place where for nearly fifty years he spent his days and nights. His brother did not accompany him in his negira. Chatham street still contented him. Mr. Hart died from softening of the brain. For the forty-eight hours previous to his death his brother was with him, and No. 31 Chatham street missed his presence for the first time in many a year. The funeral was attended by the members of the various Hebrew societies to which Mr. Hart belonged. He at the time of his death was fifty-nine years old.

A Factory Girl's Experience.

Writing from Boston, a correspondent relates the story of such mutations in life as may be considered characteristic of American experience. In 1865 there came to the metropolis of New England, from Penobscot, in Maine, a young orphan girl, who, after vainly striving to maintain herself comfortably at home by school-teaching, had decided to essay the fortunes of a factory girl in a larger city. Entering the hoop-skirt manufactory of a private firm in Boston, she devoted all her energies to a mastery of the business, that her confinement to mere drudgery might not be long protracted, and this to such effect that in a year's time she was promoted to the position of saleswoman.

In two years her superior mental capacity and practical tact made her the chief saleswoman of the establishment, and through this last position she was brought to the acquaintance of a certain rich, California merchant, buying goods for his store in San Francisco. The acquaintance matured into a mutual regard of a graver nature. The girl, well as she was doing, had a woman's natural yearning for woman's domestic kingdom, and when the Californian closed his business account for the time by asking the saleswoman to go back to San Francisco with him as his wife she yielded a graceful assent. After a quiet wedding the two departed together for the Pacific coast, where the ensuing four years were passed in all the harmony and prosperity requisite for the smoothest progress of married life.

The wife now of a rich man, and the possessor of abilities and personal comeliness to grace a high social station, the former factory girl assumed a commanding position in the society of her new home and became a leader in matters of aristocratic taste and fashion. After four years the Americanism of her destiny found tragic demonstration. Some months ago her husband was tempted into one of those extravagant mining speculations which are the bane of California, and entered too deep to be able to withdraw before the collapse and crush.

In a few hours of sinking values he was dragged down from wealth to poverty, and revenged himself upon fortune by committing suicide. The sound of the fatal pistol shot awoke the bereaved wife from her four years' dream of happiness and plenty to the old reality of her girlish homeliness and want. The expenses of the self destroyer's burial left her with barely enough remaining from recent wealth to secure her return to Boston, where she is once more working for a livelihood as though the California episode had never blighted her existence.

ONE WAY TO BUILD A BRIDGE.—The Grand Duke of Florence, it is said, once proclaimed that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain designated time should be provided with a new suit of clothes, free of cost. At the appointed hour the beggars of the city all assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue of the public square to be closed, and then compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave to each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called the Beggar's Bridge!

Baby Wants a Lullaby.

"Baby wants a lullaby;
Where should mother find it?
In a bird's nest rocked on high;
Birdie, birdie lined it;
Find it under birdie's wing.—
Soft birdie's feather,—
O the downy, downy thing!
O the summer weather!

"Baby wants a lullaby;
Where shall sister find it?
In a soft cloud of the sky,
With white wool behind it:
Watch you may, but cannot guess
If the cloud has motion,
Such a perfect calm there is
In the airy ocean.

"O the Land of Lullabies!
Where shall father find it?
Safe in mother's breast it lies,
With her arms to bind it;
O a soft and sleepy song!
Sleep, baby blossom!
Sleep is short, sleep is long,
Sweet is mother's bosom!"

The New Homestead Law.

The following instructions from the Department of the Interior of the United States, with regard to the provisions of the new law relating to soldiers' and sailors' homesteads have been promulgated:

1. Every soldier and officer of the army, and every seaman, marine and officer of the navy, who served for not less than ninety days in the army and navy of the United States during the recent rebellion, and who was honorably discharged, and who has remained loyal to the Government, to enter underthe provisions of the homestead law, one hundred and sixty acres of the public lands including the double minimumlands.

2. That the time of service, or the whole term of enlistment when discharged on account of wounds or disability, shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect title; provided, however, that the person shall reside upon, improve and cultivate his homestead for a period of at least one year after he shall commence his improvements. It is required that the period, whether one year or more, of actual residence, improvement and cultivation that may be found necessary to perfect each case of entry under this act shall follow immediately upon the date of entry.

3. That any person entitled to the benefit of this act, and who has heretofore made a homestead entry of less than one hundred and sixty acres, may enter under this act an additional quantity of land contigious to the first entry, which shall make in the aggregate one hundred and sixty acres.

5. That the widow, if unmarried, or in case of her death or marriage, then the minor orphan children of a person who would be entitled to the benefits of this act may enter lands made under its provisions, with the additional privileges accorded, that if the person died during his term of enlistement, the widow or minor children shall have the benefit of the whole term of enlistement.

5. That where a person may heretofore have made an entry under the homestead laws while in the United States military or naval service, or before entering such service, the time of service shall be equivalent for a residence for the same length of time upon the tract so entered: Provided, that the party shall show at least one year's continued residence upon, and improvement and cultivation of the tract. The law also reinstates such entries as may have been cancelled because of the parties absence from the land while in the military or naval service, provided the land has not been disposed of; the statute authorizes another entry and the application to the second entry of the proofs touching his residence and improvements on the first tract.

6. That any person entitled to the benefit of this act may file his claim for a tract of land through an agent, and shall have six months thereafter within which to make his entry and commence his settlement and improvement upon the land.

A FRENCH QUARTER IN LONDON.—There is a certain part of Soho which is almost as much a French colony as Algiers itself. There the hungry man has to satisfy himself with strange ragouts of horse-flesh and beans, and the exhausted to recruit his energies with absinthe, though within a stone's throw of roast beef and pale ale. The geography of this colony is a little arbitrary; for sometimes it has taken complete possession of one side of a street, without encroaching in the least upon the other; but to those who know the district it is well marked enough. It is here that lodge by night those who by day are the *habitues* of Coventry street and the Quadrant. It is here that they hatch conspiracies as addled as the eggs whereof too often they have to make their omelettes *aux fines herbes;* and it is here that they get washed to a quickly evanescent whiteness the scanty linen which has so much the air of having been born with the jaundice.

A HEROIC BOOT BLACK.—Boston has a somewhat remarkable boot black, who is said to be dying of consumption. He has been familiar about Court Square for thirteen years, always civil and prompt, and always to be found at his post. Day after day he has worked at his honorable and useful profession, and picked up his thousands of dimes, and now it comes out that all his time he has not only supported his mother and two younger brothers, but has kept the brothers in school, and, finally, a short time ago, set them both up in business, buying for one a horse and express wagon. It is a pity that some one could not have recognized the value of this boy, and put him in a line of business where his fidelity would have found larger rewards; and possibly have saved him from a disease brought on by exposure to all kinds of weather.

CUSTOM STILL HONORED.—In many parts of the North of England (says a magazine writer) the old Danish superstition still prevails of the village girls going out on the mid-summer morning, when the cuckoo changes the note which it had maintained since April, to question the bird as to their future marriage. According to this ancient custom, the simple maidens kiss their hands in salutation to the mysterious little soothsayer of the meadows, and say each in turn:

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!
How d'you do? How d'you do?
How long must I tarry
Before I marry."

The bird replying, sings out "Cuckoo" as many times as mouths (not years, it is to be hoped) will elapse before the wished-for event is to come off.

CAN YOU.—In a jolly company each one was to ask a question; if it was answered, he paid a forfeit; or if he could not answer it himself, he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was, "How the little ground squirrel digs his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?" When they all gave up, Pat said, "Sure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole." One of the rest exclaimed, "But how does he get there?" "Ah," said Pat, "that's the question—can you answers it yourself?"

THE MODEL AUCTIONEER.—The "Club Room" has this hit: The late George Robins was famous for his genius in the direction of puffing his auction wares. On one occasion he had made the beauties of an estate so enchanting that he found it necessary to blur it by a fault of two, least it should prove too bright and good for human nature's daily food. "But there are two drawbacks to this property," sighed out this apostle of the mart, "the litter of the rose leaves and the noise of the nightingales."

THE MOSQUITO.—The male mosquito lives a short, idle life, doing little harm, and subsisting upon the sweets gathered from flowers, having a dainty preference to lilies, in whose creamy petalled bells he pensively swings. The female is the noisy, aggressive sex, and makes life a burden to those unfortunate mortals encountering her. She stings them and "bosts" about it, and not content with her own evil career every month deposits one hundred eggs in some cool damp place, thus multiplying and perpetuating her kind.

RAPID GROWTH OF CORALS.—An interesting fact has recently been discovered respecting the growth of corals. Somewhat less than two years ago, Capt. McGregor, of the steamer Kilauea, moored a buoy in Kealakekua Bay. Recently he was ordered to hoist the anchor and examine the condition of the chain. The latter, which is a heavy two-inch cable, was found covered with corals and oyster-shells, some of which are as large as a man's hand. The larger corals measure four and a half inches in length, which represents their growth during the period of two years that the anchor and cable have been submerged. The specimen that we have seen shows the nature of its formation by the little coral insects more distinctly than any we have before examined. When taken out of the water, it had small crabs on it. A query arises, whether these crabs live on the coral insects, or whether they simply seek the branches of the coral for protection. The popular supposition is that corals are of extremely slow growth. Here we have a formation of two and one-eighth inches, equal to over seventeen feet in a century. These facts, which are reliable, will be valuable to naturalists.—*Sandwich Islands Paper.*

A LIBEL SUIT.—A wine merchant of London recently brought a strange action of libel against the publisher of the *Figaro*. The plaintiff had inserted in sundry newspapers the following advertisement: "To the younger sons of the nobility, retired military and naval officers, and private gentlemen.